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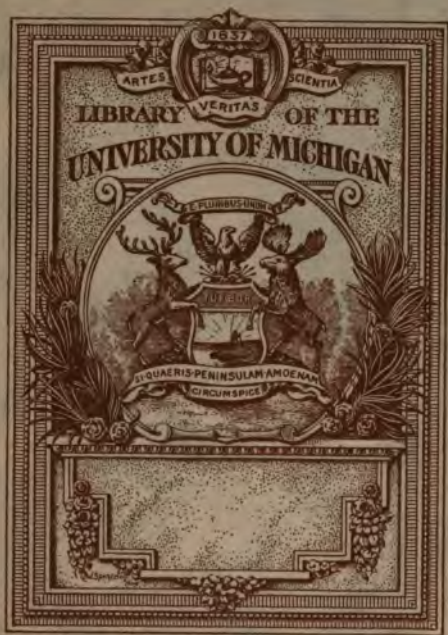
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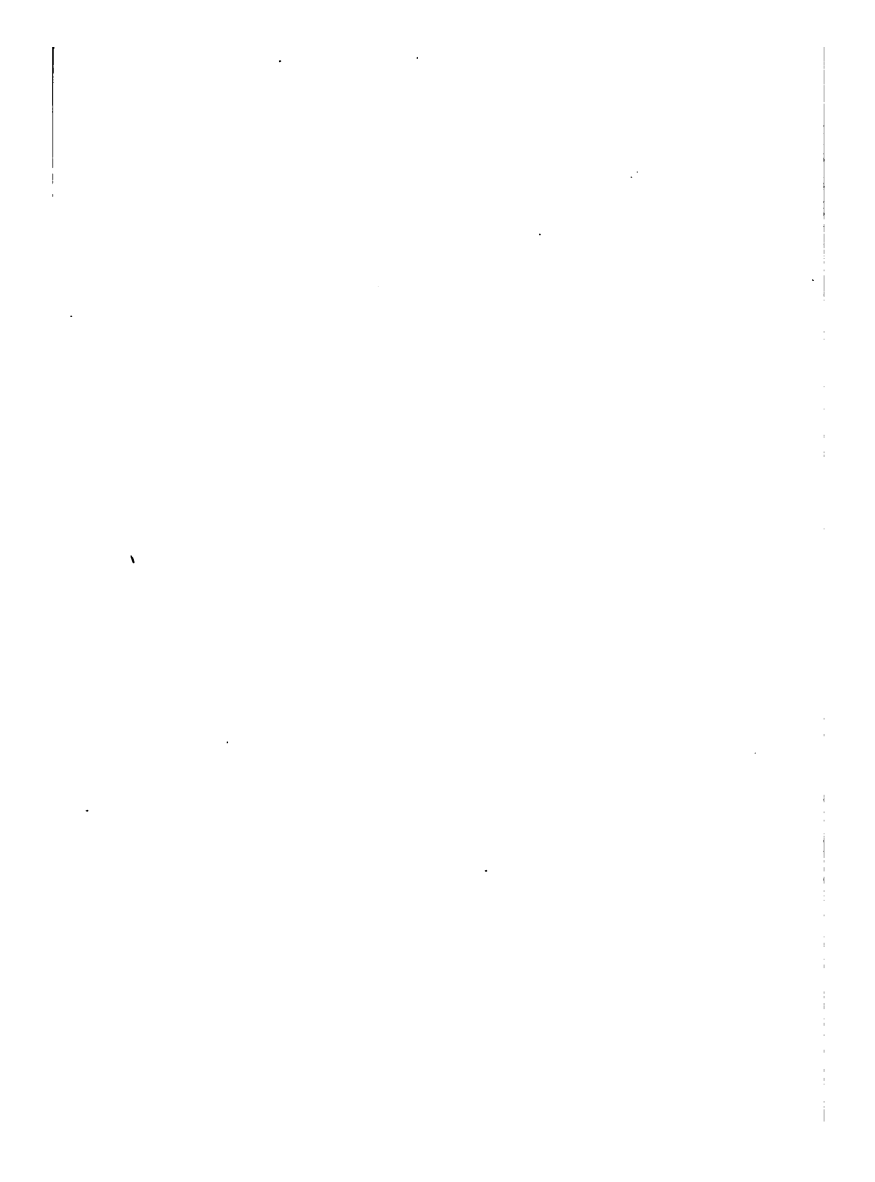
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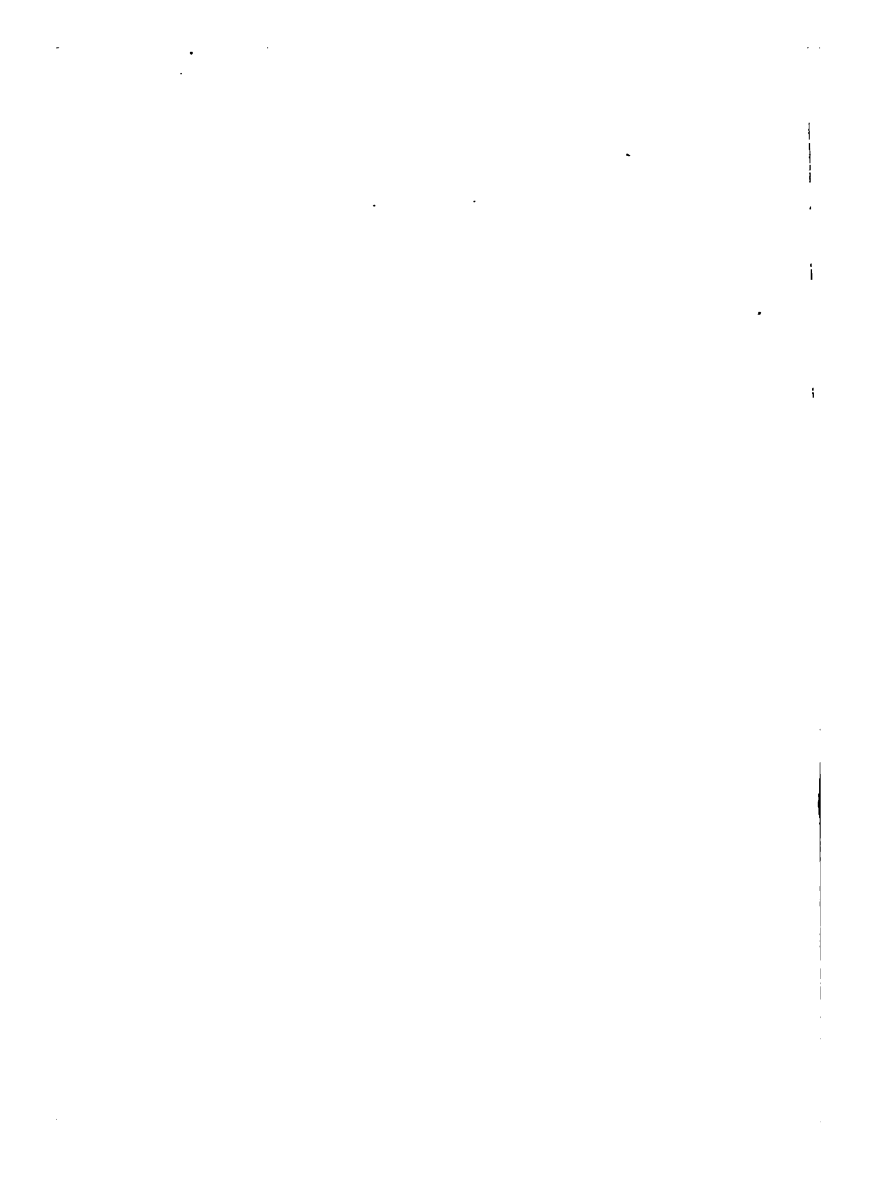
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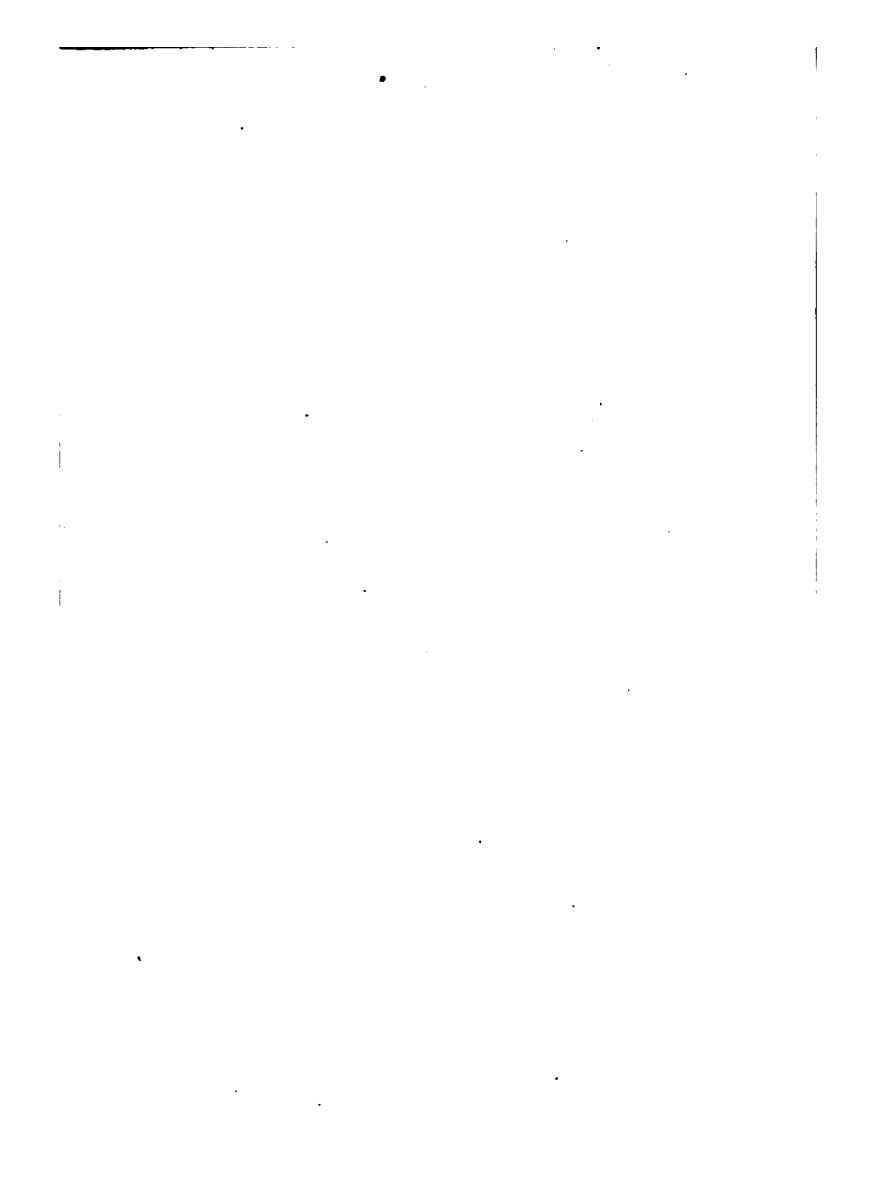




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EDITED BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind describes.

CRABBE.

AMERICA.

MIDDLE STATES.



BOSTON:
HOUGHTON, OSGOOD AND COMPANY.

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CONTENTS.

MIDDLE STATES.

INTRODUCTORY.

NEW YORK	<i>Anonymous</i>	1
NEW JERSEY	<i>H. Morford</i>	4
PENNSYLVANIA	<i>J. G. Whittier</i>	5
DELAWARE	<i>B. Taylor</i>	9
TO DELAWARE	<i>J. G. Whittier</i>	10

ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS, PA.

CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES	<i>J. K. Paulding</i>	13
------------------------------------	---------------------------------	----

AMENIA, N. Y.

AMENIA	<i>H. N. Powers</i>	15
------------------	-------------------------------	----

AUSABLE, THE RIVER, N. Y.

THE AUSABLE	<i>A. B. Street</i>	16
AUSABLE	<i>O. W. Withington</i>	18

BARNEGAT, N. J.

THE WRECKER'S OATH ON BARNEGAT	<i>H. Morford</i>	20
--	-----------------------------	----

BAY RIDGE, N. Y.

AT BAY RIDGE, LONG ISLAND	<i>T. B. Aldrich</i>	25
-------------------------------------	--------------------------------	----

BEAVERKILL, THE RIVER, N. Y.

THE ISLAND	<i>A. B. Street</i>	25
----------------------	-------------------------------	----

BETHLEHEM, PA.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS AT THE CON- SECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	28
--	-----------------------------------	----

BLOOMINGDALE, N. Y.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE	<i>G. P. Morris</i>	29
------------------------------------	-------------------------------	----

BRANDYWINE, THE RIVER, PA.

THE BRANDYWINE	<i>E. M. Chandler</i>	31
TO THE BRANDYWINE	<i>B. Taylor</i>	33

BROOKLYN, N. Y.	
GREENWOOD CEMETERY	<i>P. Benjamin</i> . . . 35
GREENWOOD	<i>S. M. Hagerman</i> . . 33
GOING TO GREENWOOD	<i>H. Morford</i> . . . 38
GREENWOOD CEMETERY	<i>W. Wallace</i> . . . 39
CALICOON, THE RIVER, N. Y.	
THE CALICOON IN AUTUMN	<i>A. B. Street</i> . . . 42
CANEPO, THE LAKE, N. Y.	
LAKE CANEPO	<i>H. T. Tuckerman</i> . 46
CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, N. Y.	
CATSKILL MOUNTAINS	<i>T. S. Fay</i> 48
CATSKILL	<i>B. Taylor</i> 49
CATTERSKILL FALLS	<i>W. C. Bryant</i> . . 50
CAYUGA, THE LAKE, N. Y.	
CAYUGA LAKE	<i>A. B. Street</i> . . . 54
CHAMPLAIN, THE LAKE, N. Y.	
LAKE CHAMPLAIN	<i>H. T. Tuckerman</i> . 58
BURGOYNE'S FLEET	<i>A. B. Street</i> . . . 61
DELAWARE, THE RIVER.	
THE FRESHET	<i>A. B. Street</i> . . . 66
THE DELAWARE WATER GAP	<i>E. F. Ellet</i> . . . 70
ELIZABETH, N. J.	
FRUIT LILUM	<i>E. C. Stedman</i> . . 71
ERIE, THE LAKE, N. Y.	
LAKE ERIE	<i>F. Peabody</i> . . . 75
PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE	<i>J. G. Percival</i> . . 77
FIRE ISLAND, N. Y.	
ON THE DEATH OF M. D'OSSOLI AND HIS WIFE MARGARET FULLER	<i>W. S. Landor</i> . . . 79
GENESEE, THE RIVER, N. Y.	
MY OWN DARK GENESEE	<i>W. H. C. Hosmer</i> . 80
GEORGE (HORICON), THE LAKE, N. Y.	
LAKE GEORGE	<i>G. S. Hillard</i> . . . 81
HORICON	<i>H. Morford</i> . . . 85
LAKE GEORGE	<i>A. C. Coxe</i> . . . 86
GETTYSBURG, PA.	
THE HIVE AT GETTYSBURG	<i>J. G. Whittier</i> . . . 89
LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG	<i>B. Taylor</i> 90
JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG	<i>B. Harte</i> 93

CONTENTS.

v

HUDSON, THE RIVER, N. Y.

THE HUDSON	<i>M. V. Fauquier</i> . . .	97
A SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON	<i>W. C. Bryant</i> . . .	98
THE HUDSON	<i>O. W. Holmes</i> . . .	99
THE HUDSON	<i>J. R. Drake</i> . . .	100
THE WRECK OF THE ANCIENT COASTER	<i>F.-G. Halleck</i> . . .	101
THE GATES OF THE HUDSON	<i>W. O. Stoddard</i> . . .	102
TO THE HUDSON	<i>E. O. Smith</i> . . .	104
HUDSON RIVER	<i>T. W. Parsons</i> . . .	104
THE INDIAN MOUND	<i>A. B. Street</i> . . .	108
HYMN TO THE HUDSON RIVER	<i>W. Wallace</i> . . .	111

LEHIGH, THE RIVER, PA.

THE LEHIGH	<i>A. Moore</i> . . .	114
----------------------	-----------------------	-----

MAHOPAC, THE LAKE, N. Y.

LAKE MAHOPAC	<i>C. M. Sawyer</i> . . .	116
------------------------	---------------------------	-----

MOHAWK, THE RIVER, N. Y.

THE CATARACT OF THE MOHAWK	<i>R. H. Horne</i> . . .	118
FALLS OF THE MOHAWK	<i>T. Moore</i> . . .	119

MONGAUP, THE RIVER, N. Y.

THE FALLS OF THE MONGAUP	<i>A. B. Street</i> . . .	120
------------------------------------	---------------------------	-----

MONMOUTH, N. J.

THE SPUR OF MONMOUTH	<i>H. Morford</i> . . .	122
MOLLY MAGUIRE AT MONMOUTH	<i>W. Collins</i> . . .	123
MONMOUTH	<i>E. C. Stedman</i> . . .	129

NEVERSINK, N. J.

NEVERSINK	<i>P. Freneau</i> . . .	131
---------------------	-------------------------	-----

NEWARK, N. J.

THE DISTANT MART	<i>T. B. Read</i> . . .	133
----------------------------	-------------------------	-----

NEW YORK, THE CITY, N. Y.

NIEUW AMSTERDAM	<i>E. C. Stedman</i> . . .	135
NEW YORK HARBOR ON A CALM DAY	<i>P. Benjamin</i> . . .	136
HYMN OF THE CITY	<i>W. C. Bryant</i> . . .	137
SPRING IN TOWN	" " . . .	133
THE CITY OF SHIPS	<i>W. Whitman</i> . . .	139
NEW YORK	<i>T. S. Fay</i> . . .	140
UNSEEN SPIRITS	<i>N. P. Willis</i> . . .	141
BROADWAY	<i>W. A. Butler</i> . . .	142
THE BOWLING GREEN	<i>T. G. Appleton</i> . . .	144
ON THE PIER	<i>R. H. Stoddard</i> . . .	146
THE FERRY-BOAT	" " . . .	147
HEADQUARTERS OF WASHINGTON	<i>W. H. C. Hosmer</i> . . .	148
PAN IN WALL STREET	<i>E. C. Stedman</i> . . .	149

NIAGARA THE RIVER.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA	<i>J. G. C. Bratnard</i>	152
NIAGARA	<i>J. M. Heredia</i>	153
NIAGARA FALLS	<i>Lord Morpeth</i>	155
NIAGARA	<i>H. H. Brownell</i>	155
NIAGARA	<i>Anonymous</i>	158
NIAGARA	<i>T. G. Appleton</i>	159
NIAGARA	<i>L. H. Sigourney</i>	161
AVERY	<i>W. D. Howells</i>	163
GOAT ISLAND	<i>T. G. Appleton</i>	167
THE CATARACT ISLE	<i>C. P. Cranch</i>	167

NORMAN'S KILL (TAWASENTHA), N. Y.

THE FALLS OF NORMAN'S KILL	<i>A. B. Street</i>	169
TAWASENTHA	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	171
THE FOREST CEMETERY	<i>C. F. Hoffman</i>	172

ONTARIO, THE LAKE, N. Y.

LAKE ONTARIO	<i>E. F. Ellet</i>	175
LAKE ONTARIO	<i>J. Neal</i>	177

ORISKANY, N. Y.

BATTLE OF ORISKANY	<i>C. D. Helmer</i>	178
------------------------------	-------------------------------	-----

OTSEGO, THE LAKE, N. Y.

OTSEGO LAKE	<i>Anonymous</i>	179
-----------------------	----------------------------	-----

PASSAIC, THE RIVER, N. J.

THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC	<i>W. Irving</i>	180
------------------------------------	----------------------------	-----

PERKIOMEN, THE RIVER, PA.

THE PERKIOMEN	<i>I. R. Pennypacker</i>	182
-------------------------	------------------------------------	-----

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PHILADELPHIA	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	183
THE MESCHANZA	<i>T. B. Read</i>	185
BATTLE OF THE KEYS	<i>F. Hopkinson</i>	188
THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL	<i>Anonymous</i>	191
PEWTER PLATTER ALLEY	<i>P. Freneau</i>	195
LAUREL HILL	<i>S. Bridges</i>	196
THE BURIAL-PLACE AT LAUREL HILL	<i>W. G. Clark</i>	198
CHALKLEY HALL	<i>J. G. Whittier</i>	200
THE CENTENNIAL, JULY 4, 1876	<i>C. F. Bates</i>	202

PITTSBURG, PA.

PITTSBURG	<i>J. K. Paulling</i>	203
---------------------	---------------------------------	-----

POCANTICO, THE RIVER, N. Y.

THE POCANTICO	<i>S. H. Thayer</i>	204
-------------------------	-------------------------------	-----

RACKET, THE RIVER, N. Y.

DOWN THE RACKET	<i>A. B. Street</i>	206
---------------------------	-------------------------------	-----

CONTENTS.

vii

RED MILL, THE RIVER, N. Y.	
THE RED MILL FALL	<i>A. B. Street</i> . . . 207
ROCKAWAY, N. Y.	
ROCKAWAY	<i>H. J. Sharpe</i> . . . 209
ROSLYN, N. Y.	
BRYANT'S BIRTHDAY	<i>C. F. Bates</i> . . . 209
SARANAC, THE LAKES, N. Y.	
THE LOWER SARANAC	<i>A. R. Street</i> . . . 210
THE UPPER SARANAC	" " . . . 212
SARATOGA, N. Y.	
THE FIELD OF THE GROUNDING ARMS . . .	<i>F.-G. Halleck</i> . . . 213
SARATOGA, THE LAKE, N. Y.	
LAKE SARATOGA	<i>J. G. Saxe</i> . . . 215
SCHOHARIE, N. Y.	
THE SABBATH EVENING WALK	<i>G. W. Greene</i> . . . 217
SENECA, THE LAKE, N. Y.	
TO SENECA LAKE	<i>J. G. Percival</i> . . . 218
SENECA LAKE	" " . . . 219
SHELTER ISLAND, N. Y.	
MY NATIVE ISLE	<i>M. G. Horsford</i> . . . 223
SHREWSBURY, N. J.	
A WRECK IN SHREWSBURY INLET	<i>H. Morford</i> . . . 225
SODUS BAY, N. Y.	
SODUS BAY	<i>E. F. Ellet</i> . . . 227
SPRINGFIELD, N. J.	
CALDWELL OF SPRINGFIELD	<i>B. Harte</i> . . . 229
STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.	
AT HOME IN STATEN ISLAND	<i>C. Mackay</i> . . . 231
SUSQUEHANNA, THE RIVER, PA.	
SUSQUEHANNA	<i>E. F. Ellet</i> . . . 233
MEETING OF THE SUSQUEHANNA AND THE LACKAWANNA	<i>L. H. Sigourney</i> . . . 234
TAPPAN, N. Y.	
ANDRÉ	<i>C. F. Bates</i> . . . 236
TARRYTOWN, N. Y.	
IN THE CHURCHYARD AT TARRYTOWN . . .	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> . . . 237
SLEEPY HOLLOW	<i>H. T. Tuckerman</i> . . . 237
SLEEPY HOLLOW CHURCH AND IRVING'S GRAVE	<i>S. H. Thayer</i> . . . 239

TICONDEROGA, N. Y.	
TICONDEROGA	<i>V. B. Wilson</i> . . . 241
TRAPPE, THE, PA.	
THE OLD CHURCH	<i>Anonymous</i> . . . 243
TRENTON, N. J.	
BATTLE OF TRENTON	" . . . 246
TRENTON FALLS, N. Y.	
TRENTON FALLS	<i>M. Lowell</i> . . . 247
WRITTEN AT TRENTON FALLS	<i>F. A. Kemble</i> . . . 248
VALLEY FORGE, PA.	
VALLEY FORGE	<i>T. B. Read</i> . . . 249
WATKINS GLEN, N. Y.	
THE WATKINS GLEN AT THE HEAD OF SENECA LAKE	<i>A. B. Street</i> . . . 252
WEEHAWKEN, N. J.	
WEEHAWKEN	<i>F.-G. Halleck</i> . . . 258
WEEHAWKEN	<i>R. C. Sands</i> . . . 260
WEST POINT, N. Y.	
WEST POINT	<i>H. T. Tuckerman</i> . . . 262
THE GRAVEYARD AT WEST POINT	<i>W. A. Butler</i> . . . 264
WHITE LAKE, N. Y.	
WHITE LAKE	<i>A. B. Street</i> . . . 266
WILLEWEMOC, THE RIVER, N. Y.	
THE WILLEWEMOC IN SUMMER	<i>A. B. Street</i> . . . 268
WILMINGTON, DEL.	
ST. JOHN'S CHURCH	<i>Anonymous</i> . . . 272
WYALUSING, THE LAKE, PA.	
LAKE WYALUSING	<i>W. H. C. Hosmer</i> . . . 273
WYOMING, PA.	
WYOMING	<i>T. Campbell</i> . . . 275
WYOMING	<i>F.-G. Halleck</i> . . . 276



INTRODUCTORY.

NEW YORK.

HENDRIK'S PROPHECY.

THE words of the refrain in this song are those used by Henry Hudson himself, when he first brought his ship through the Narrows, and saw the bay of New York.

FLOW fair beside the Palisades, flow, Hudson, fair
and free,
By proud Manhattan's shore of ships and green
Hoboken's tree;
So fair yon haven clasped its isles, in such a sunset
gleam,
When Hendrik and his sea-worn tars first sounded up
the stream,
And climbed this rocky palisade, and resting on its
brow,
Passed round the can and gazed awhile on shore and
wave below;
And Hendrik drank with hearty cheer, and loudly
then cried he:
" 'T is a good land to fall in with, men, and a pleasant
land to see! "

Then something — ah, 't was prophecy ! — came glowing
to his brain :
He seemed to see the mightier space between the
oceans twain,
Where other streams by other strands run through
their forests fair,
From bold Missouri's lordly tide to the leafy Delaware ;
The Sacramento, too, he saw, with its sands of secret
gold,
And the sea-like Mississippi on its long, long courses
rolled ;
And great thoughts glowed within him ; — “ God bless
the land,” cried he ;
“ 'T is a good land to fall in with, men, and a pleasant
land to see !

“ I see the white sails on the main, along the land I view
The forests opening to the light and the bright axe
flashing through ;
I see the cots and village ways, the churches with
their spires,
Where once the Indians camped and danced the war-
dance, round their fires ;
I see a storm come up the deep, — 't is hurrying,
raging, o'er
The darkened fields, — but soon it parts, with a sullen,
seaward roar.
'T is gone ; the heaven smiles out again — God loves
the land,” cried he ;
“ 'T is a good land to fall in with, men, and a pleasant
land to see !

"I see the white sails on the main, I see, on all the
strands,

Old Europe's exiled households crowd, and toil's un-
numbered hands —

From Hessenland and Frankenland, from Danube,
Drave, and Rhine,

From Netherland, my sea-born land, and the Norseman's
hills of pine,

From Thames, and Shannon, and their isles — and
never, sure, before,

Invading host such greeting found upon a stranger
shore.

The generous Genius of the West his welcome proffers
free :

"'T is a good land to fall in with, men, and a pleasant
land to see !'

"They learn to speak one language ; they raise one
flag adored

Over one people evermore, and guard it with the sword.

In festive hours, they look upon its starry folds above,

And hail it with a thousand songs of glory and of love.

Old airs of many a fatherland still mingle with the cheer,

To make the love more loving still, the glory still more
dear —

Drink up-sees out ! join hands about ! bear chorus all,"
chants he ;

"'T is a good land to fall in with, men, and a pleasant
land to see !"

Anonymous.

NEW JERSEY.

THE BROWN-EYED GIRLS OF JERSEY.

BEFORE my bark the waves have curled
As it bore me thrice around the world;
And for forty years have met my eyes
The beauties born under wide-spread skies.
But though far and long may be my track,
It is never too far for looking back;
And I see them, — see them, over the sea,
As I saw them when youth still dwelt with me, —
The brown-eyed girls of Jersey!

They are Quakers, half, — half maids of Spain;
Half Yankees, with fiery Southern brain;
They are English, French, — they are Irish elves;
They are better than all, in being themselves!
They are coaxing things, — then wild and coy;
They are full of tears, — full of mirth and joy.
They madden the brain, like rich old wine:
And no wonder at all if they've maddened mine, —
Those brown-eyed girls of Jersey!

Some day, when distant enough my track,
To the Land of the Free I shall wander back;
And if not too gray, both heart and hair,
To win the regard of a thing so fair, —
I shall try the power of the blarney-stone
In making some darling girl my own, —
Some darling girl, that still may be
Keeping all her beauty and grace for me, —
Some brown-eyed girl of Jersey!

Henry Morford.

PENNSYLVANIA.

NEVER in tenderer quiet lapsed the day
From Pennsylvania's vales of spring away,
Where, forest-walled, the scattered hamlets lay

Along the wedded rivers. One long bar
Of purple cloud, on which the evening star
Shone like a jewel on a scimitar,

Held the sky's golden gateway. Through the deep
Hush of the woods a murmur seemed to creep,
The Schuylkill whispering in a voice of sleep.

All else was still. The oxen from their ploughs
Rested at last, and from their long day's browse
Came the dun files of Krisheim's home-bound cows.

And the young city, round whose virgin zone
The rivers like two mighty arms were thrown,
Marked by the smoke of evening fires alone,

Lay in the distance, lovely even then
With its fair women and its stately men
Gracing the forest court of William Penn,

Urban yet sylvan; in its rough-hewn frames
Of oak and pine the dryads held their claims,
And lent its streets their pleasant woodland names.

* * *

Was it caressing air, the brooding love
Of tenderer skies than German land knew of,
Green calm below, blue quietness above,

Still flow of water, deep repose of wood
That, with a sense of loving Fatherhood
And childlike trust in the Eternal Good,

Softened all hearts, and dulled the edge of hate,
Hushed strife, and taught impatient zeal to wait
The slow assurance of the better state?

Who knows what goadings in their sterner way
O'er jagged ice, relieved by granite gray,
Blew round the men of Massachusetts Bay?

What hate of heresy the east-wind woke?
What hints of pitiless power and terror spoke
In waves that on their iron coast-line broke?

Be it as it may; within the Land of Penn
The sectary yielded to the citizen,
And peaceful dwelt the many-creeded men.

Peace brooded over all. No trumpet stung
The air to madness, and no steeple flung
Alarums down from bells at midnight rung.

The land slept well. The Indian from his face
Washed all his war-paint off, and in the place
Of battle-marches sped the peaceful chase,

Or wrought for wages at the white man's side,—
Giving to kindness what his native pride
And lazy freedom to all else denied.

And well the curious scholar loved the old
Traditions that his swarthy neighbors told
By wigwam-fires when nights were growing cold,

Discerned the fact round which their fancy drew
Its dreams, and held their childish faith more true
To God and man than half the creeds he knew.

The desert blossomed round him; wheat-fields rolled,
Beneath the warm wind, waves of green and gold;
The planted ear returned its hundredfold.

Great clusters ripened in a warmer sun
Than that which by the Rhine stream shines upon
The purpling hillsides with low vines o'errun.

About each rustic porch the humming-bird
Tried with light bill, that scarce a petal stirred,
The Old World flowers to virgin soil transferred;

And the first-fruits of pear and apple, bending
The young boughs down, their gold and russet blending,
Made glad his heart, familiar odors lending

To the fresh fragrance of the birch and pine,
Life-everlasting, bay, and eglantine,
And all the subtle scents the woods combine.

Fair First-Day mornings, steeped in summer calm
Warm, tender, restful, sweet with woodland balm,
Came to him, like some mother-hallowed psalm

To the tired grinder at the noisy wheel
Of labor, winding off from memory's reel
A golden thread of music. With no peal

Of bells to call them to the house of praise,
The scattered settlers through green forest-ways
Walked meeting-ward. In reverent amaze

The Indian trapper saw them, from the dim
Shade of the alders on the rivulet's rim,
Seek the Great Spirit's house to talk with Him.

There, through the gathered stillness multiplied
And made intense by sympathy, outside
The sparrows sang, and the gold-robin cried,

A-swing upon his elm. A faint perfume
Breathed through the open windows of the room
From locust-trees, heavy with clustered bloom.

Thither, perchance, sore-tried confessors came,
Whose fervor jail nor pillory could tame,
Proud of the cropped ears meant to be their shame,—

Men who had eaten slavery's bitter bread
In Indian isles; pale women who had bled
Under the hangman's lash, and bravely said

God's message through their prison's iron bars;
And gray old soldier-converts, seamed with scars
From every stricken field of England's wars

Lowly before the Unseen Presence knelt
Each waiting heart, till haply some one felt
On his moved lips the seal of silence melt.

Or, without spoken words, low breathings stole
Of a diviner life from soul to soul,
Baptizing in one tender thought the whole.

When, shaken hands announced the meeting o'er,
The friendly group still lingered at the door,
Greeting, inquiring, sharing all the store

Of weekly tidings. Meanwhile youth and maid
Down the green vistas of the woodland strayed,
Whispered and smiled and oft their feet delayed.

Did the boy's whistle answer back the thrushes?
Did light girl laughter ripple through the bushes
As brooks make merry over roots and rushes?

Unvexed the sweet air seemed. Without a wound
The ear of silence heard, and every sound
Its place in nature's fine accordance found.

And solemn meeting, summer sky and wood,
Old kindly faces, youth and maidenhood
Seemed, like God's new creation, very good!

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John Greenleaf Whittier.

DELAWARE.

PEACH-BLOSSOM.

NIGHTLY the hoar-frost freezes
The young grass of the field,
Nor yet have blander breezes
The buds of the oak unsealed;
Not yet pours out the vine
His airy resinous wine;
But over the southern slope
The wands of the peach-tree first
Into rosy beauty burst;
A breath, and the sweet buds ope!
A day, and the orchards bare,

Like maids in haste to be fair,
Lightly themselves adorn
With a scarf the Spring at the door
Has sportively flung before,
Or a stranded cloud of the morn !

* * *

Afar, through the mellow hazes
Where the dreams of June are stayed,
The hills, in their vanishing mazes,
Carry the flush, and fade !
Southward they fall, and reach
To the bay and the ocean beach,
Where the soft, half-Syrian air
Blows from the Chesapeake's
Inlets, coves, and creeks
On the fields of Delaware !
And the rosy lakes of flowers,
That here alone are ours,
Spread into seas that pour
Billow and spray of pink,
Even to the blue wave's brink,
All down the Eastern Shore !

* * *

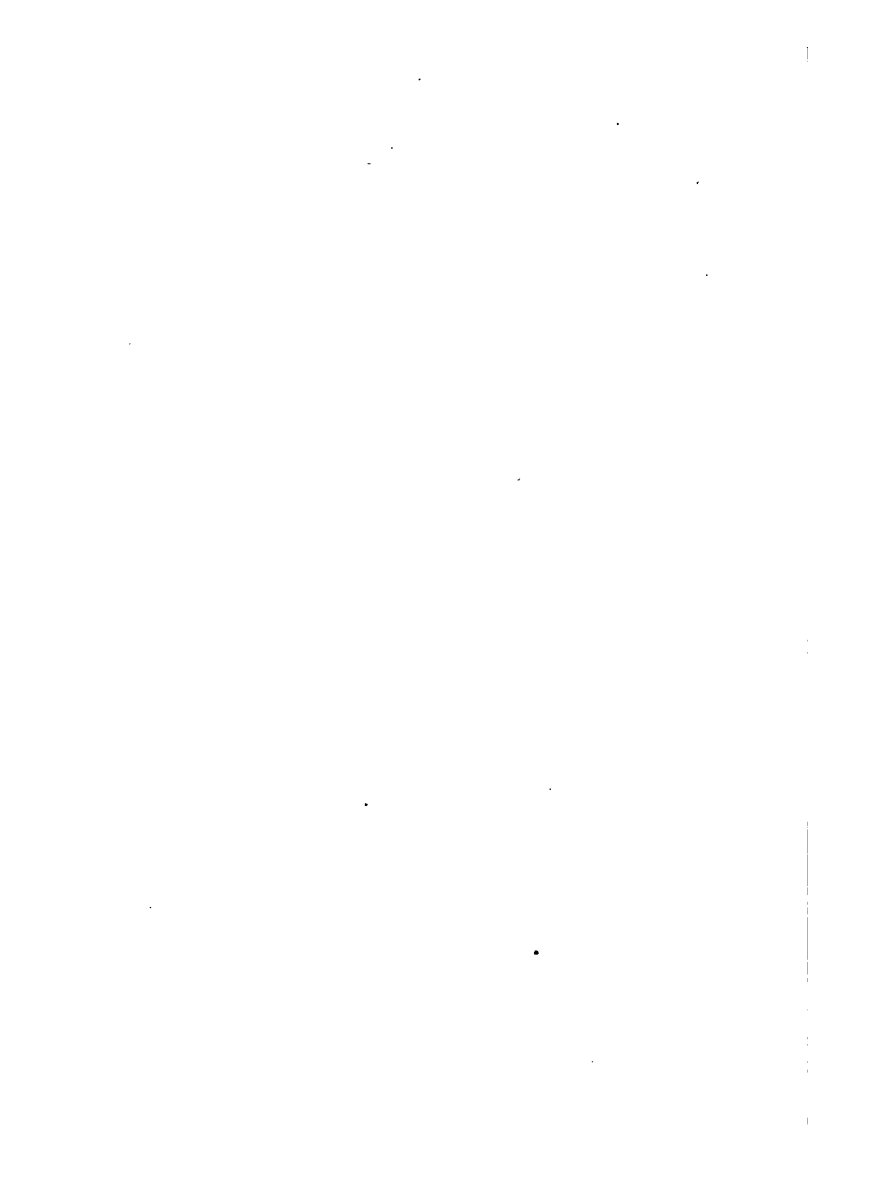
Bayard Taylor.

TO DELAWARE.

THRICE welcome to thy sisters of the East,
To the strong tillers of a rugged home,
With spray-wet locks to Northern winds released,
And hardy feet o'erswept by ocean's foam ;

And to the young nymphs of the golden West,
Whose harvest mantles, fringed with prairie bloom,
Trail in the sunset, — O redeemed and blest,
To the warm welcome of thy sisters come!
Broad Pennsylvania down her sail-white bay
Shall give thee joy, and Jersey from her plains,
And the great lakes, where Echo, free alway,
Moaned never shoreward with the clank of chains,
Shall weave new sun-bows in their tossing spray,
And all their waves keep grateful holiday.
And, smiling on thee through her mountain rains,
Vermont shall bless thee; and the Granite peaks,
And vast Katahdin o'er his woods, shall wear
Their snow-crowns brighter in the cold keen air;
And Massachusetts, with her rugged cheeks
O'errun with grateful tears, shall turn to thee,
When, at thy bidding, the electric wire
Shall tremble northward with its words of fire;
Glory and praise to God! another State is free!

John Greenleaf Whittier.





MIDDLE STATES.

Alleghany Mountains, Pa.

CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

AS looked the traveller for the world below,
The lively morning breeze began to blow,
The magic curtain rolled in mists away,
And a gay landscape laughed upon the day.
As light the fleeting vapors upward glide,
Like sheeted spectres on the mountain side,
New objects open to his wondering view
Of various form, and combinations new,
A rocky preeipice, a waving wood,
Deep winding dell, and foaming mountain flood,
Each after each, with coy and sweet delay,
Broke on his sight, as at young dawn of day,
Bounded afar by peak aspiring bold,
Like giant capt with helm of burnished gold.

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Now down the mountain's rugged western side,
Descending slow, our lowly travellers hied,
Deep in a narrow glen, within whose breast

The rolling fragments of the mountain rest ;
Rocks tumbled on each other, by rude chance,
Crowned with gay fern, and mosses, met the glance,
Through which a brawling river braved its way,
Dashing among the rocks in foamy spray.
Here, mid the fragments of a broken world,
In wild and rough confusion idly hurled,
Where ne'er was heard the woodman's echoing stroke,
Rose a huge forest of gigantic oak ;
With heads that towered half up the mountain's side,
And arms extending round them far and wide,
They looked coeval with old mother Earth,
And seemed to claim with her an equal birth.

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The forest roared, the everlasting oak
In writhing agonies the storm bespoke,
The live leaves scattered wildly everywhere,
Whirled round in maddening circles in the air,
The stoutest limbs were scattered all around,
The stoutest trees a stouter master found,
Crackling and crashing, down they thundering go,
And seem to crush the shrinking rocks below :
Then the thick rain in gathering torrents poured,
Higher the river rose, and louder roared ;
And on its dark, quick eddying surface bore
The gathered spoils of Earth along its shore ;
While trees, that not an hour before had stood
The lofty monarchs of the stately wood,
Now whirling round and round with furious force,
Dash 'gainst the rocks that break the torrent's force,
And shiver, like a reed by urchin broke

Through idle mischief, or with heedless stroke;
A hundred cataracts, unknown before,
Rush down the mountain's side with fearful roar;
And as with foaming fury down they go,
Loose the firm rocks and thunder them below,
Blue lightnings from the dark cloud's bosom sprung,
Like serpents menacing with forked tongue,
While many a sturdy oak that stiffly braved
The threatening hurricane that round it raved,
Shivered beneath its bright resistless flash,
Came tumbling down amain with fearful crash.
Air, Earth, and Skies seemed now to try their power,
And struggle for the mastery of the hour;
Higher the waters rose, and blacker still,
And threatened soon the narrow vale to fill.

John Kirke Paulding.

Amenia, N. Y.

AMENIA.

A PLEASANT vale; bright fields that lie
On gentle slopes and knolls of green;
Steep mountains sharp against the sky;
Clear streams and tiny lakes between.

Cool bowery lanes 'mong happy hills;
Old groves that shade ancestral eaves;
Farms which the prosperous season fills
With flocks, and fruits, and golden sheaves.

A holy feeling soothes the air,
The woodlands stand in musings sweet,
It seems as if the heart of prayer
In all this charmed valley beat.

The hills are voiced with sacred speech,
The meadows bloom with sweet desire,
From mountains kindred spirits reach
To clasp the glory streaming higher.

In every path I see the trace
Of feet that made the landscape dear;
In every flower I feel the grace
Of lives that purely blossomed here.

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Horatio Nelson Powers.



Ausable, the River, N. Y.

THE AUSABLE.

IN the stately Indian Pass,
From my fount of shadowy glass,
I struggle along in hollow song
On my blind and caverned way.
Sharp, splintered crags ascend,
Wild firs above me bend,
And I leap and dash with many a flash
To find the welcome day.

The lean wolf laps my flow;
In my pointed pools below,
The grand gray eagle's tawny eye
Like lightning fires the gloom.
Not oft is the warbling bird
In my jagged cradle heard,
For I am the child of the savage and wild,
Not pet of the sun and bloom.

I smite, in headlong shocks,
Roots clutching the ragged rocks,
And the blocks of my sable basins
And the chasms my fury ploughs,
Where the raven, as o'er he flies,
Sees the frown of his deepest dyes,
As the murkiest pall of the forest
Is flung from the dungeon-boughs.

Old Whiteface cleaves apart
In dizziest heights his heart
For the roll of my rocky waters;
And I lighten and thunder through.
And sometimes I tame my will
To sing like the wren-like rill,
And I mirror the flower and bending bower,
And laugh in the open blue.

But sometimes the cataract-rain
Fills my breast with frantic disdain,
And my boiling deep shoots torrent-like,
Lashing and crashing past;—

Whole forests I tear in my wrath;
Whole hamlets I strew on my path,
Till my wild waves break upon the lake,
And I slumber in peace at last.

Alfred Billings Street.

AUSABLE.

THE twilight on Ausable
By rock and river fell,
With tints of rose-veined marble
It glimmered through the dell.

Shadows on tree and river
In stately grandeur hung;
There Nature sings forever
What poets have not sung.

The dark rocks, proudly lifted,
Uprear their rugged form,
Like giants — nobly gifted
To breast the torrent's storm.

Dim mystery forever
Here chants a song sublime,
While onward rolls the river,
Unchangeable as time.

From soul to soul is spoken
What lips cannot impart;
And the silence is but broken
By the throbbing of the heart.

The evening sky in glory
Lights the massy, rifted wall,
And, with many a wondrous story,
Fancy paints the waterfall:

Of the savage freely roving
In a scene as wild as he;
Of the Indian maiden loving
With a spirit full of glee.

* * *

Yet — though Indian maid and lover
Have forever passed away —
We may dream their visions over,
And may love as well as they!

On the borders of the river,
We may whisper ere we part,
Songs — whose music clings forever
Round the memories of the heart.

We may catch an inspiration
From dark river, rock, and fall,
And a higher adoration
For the Spirit over all!

Oliver Wendell Withington.

Barnegat, N. J.

THE WRECKER'S OATH ON BARNEGAT.

ONE night mid swarthy forms I lay,
Along a wild southeastern bay,
Within a cabin rude and rough,
Formed out of drift-wood, wrecker's stuff,
And firelight throwing rosy flame
From up-heaped masses of the same, —
Waiting the turning of the tide
To launch the surf-boats scattered wide,
And try the fisher's hardy toil
For bass, and other finny spoil.

They lay around me, young and old,
But men of hardy mien and mould,
Whom one had picked some deed to do
Demanding iron hearts and true,
But whom one had not picked, if wise,
For playing tricks to blinded eyes,
Without expecting, at the end,
To learn the odds 'twixt foe and friend !

Some leaned upon their arms, and slept ;
But others wakeful vigil kept,
And told short stories, — merry, half,
And some too earnest for a laugh.
And I — I listened, as I might,
With strange and weird and wild delight,

To hear the surfmen, in their haunt,
On deeds and loves and hates descant.

One gray old man, of whom I heard
No more than this descriptive word,
"Old Kennedy," — he rattled on,
Of men and things long past and gone,
And seemed without one careful thought, —
Till spark to tinder some one brought
By hinting that he launched no more,
Of late, his surf-boat from the shore,
However wind and storm were rife
And stranded vessels perilled life.

"No! by the God who made this tongue!"
And up in angry force he sprung, —
"No! — never, while my head is warm,
However wild beat sea and storm,
Launch I a boat, one life to save,
If half creation finds a grave!"

A fearful oath! — I thought; and so
Thought others, for a murmur low
Ran round the circle, till, at length,
The wondering feeling gathered strength,
And some, who had not known him long,
Declared them words of cruel wrong,
And swore to keep no friendly troth
With one who framed so hard an oath.

"You will not, mates?" the old man said,
His words so earnest, dense, and dread

That something down my back ran cold
As at the ghostly tales of old.

"You will not? Listen, then, a word!
And if, when you have fairly heard,
You say a thoughtless oath I swore,
I never fish beside you more!"

They listened: so did I, be sure,
As Desdemona to her Moor,
Or that poor "wedding-guest" who heard
The Ancient Mariner's lengthy word.
They listened; and no murmur broke
The full, dead silence, as he spoke.

"You know me, mates, — at least the most, —
From Barnegat, on Jersey coast.
'Tis time you listened something more,
That drove me to another shore.

"Twelve years ago, at noon of life,
I had a fond and faithful wife;
Two children, boy and girl; a patch;
A drift-wood cabin roofed with thatch;
And thought myself the happiest man
The coast had known since time began.

"Ships wrecked: they never saw me flinch,
But fight the white surf, inch by inch,
To save the meanest thing had breath,
If danger seemed to threaten death.
Yes, — more! I never once held back,
If through the big storm, rushing black,

Some nabob's riches I could save
And give them to him from the wave.

"One night a large ship drove ashore,
Not half a mile beyond my door.
I saw the white surf breaking far;
I saw her beating on the bar;
I knew she could not live one hour,
By wood and iron's strongest power.

"I was alone, except my boy, —
Sixteen, — my wife's best hope and joy;
And who can doubt, that is not mad,
He was the proudest pride I had!
I let him take the vacant oar;
I took him with me from the shore;
I let him try help save a life:
I drowned him, and it killed my wife!"

The old man paused, and dashed his hand
Against his brow, to gain command;
While all around, a hush like death
Hung on the fisher's trembling breath.
And pitying eyes began to show
How rough men feel a rough man's woe.
Then he went on, — a few words more,
That still an added horror bore.

"Somebody stole a cask or bale, —
At least so ran the pleasant tale.
And while my boy was lying dead,
My wife's last breath as yet unfled,

The city papers reeked with chat
Of 'pirate bands on Barnegat.'
My name was branded as a thief,
When I was almost mad with grief;
And what d'ye think they made me feel,
When the last falsehood ground its heel,—
'I had rowed out, that night, to steal!'

"No! if I ever row again,
To save the lives of perilled men,
Body and soul at once go down,
And Heaven forget me as I drown!"

It was a direful oath, as well
When nothing more remained to tell,
As it had been, when at the first
His wrong and hate the old man nursed;
But I have often thought, since then,
The best of men are only men,
And some of us, at church and school,
Who prattle of the Golden Rule,—
Might find it hard, such weight to bear
Of shame and outrage and despair,
Without forgetting trust and troth
And hurling out as dread an oath.

Henry Morford.

Bay Ridge, N. Y.

AT BAY RIDGE, LONG ISLAND.

PLEASANT it is to lie amid the grass
 Under these shady locusts, half the day,
 Watching the ships reflected on the Bay,
 Topmast and shroud, as in a wizard's glass:
 To see the happy-hearted martins pass,
 Brushing the dew-drops from the lilac spray:
 Or else to hang enamored o'er some lay
 Of fairy regions: or to muse, alas!
 On Dante, exiled, journeying outworn;
 On patient Milton's sorrowfulest eyes
 Shut from the splendors of the Night and Morn:
 To think that now, beneath the Italian skies,
 In such clear air as this, by Tiber's wave,
 Daisies are trembling over Keats's grave.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.



Beaverkill, the River, N. Y.

THE ISLAND.

UPON a narrow river-flat
 The sunset falls in streaking glow;
 Here, the mown meadow's velvet plat,
 And there, the buckwheat's scented snow.

A cluster of low roofs is prest
Against the mountain's leaning breast.
But each rude porch is closed and barred:
For tenderest Youth and Age alone
Are left those humble roofs to guard,
Till Day resumes his blazing throne.

Where deepest shade the forest flings,
The hunters seek that forest's game;
Men tireless as the eagle's wings,
Of dauntless heart and iron frame.
The sparkling Beaverkill beside,
Benighted in their wanderings wide,
They merry dress the slaughtered deer,
And make the twilight ring with cheer;
Now chorus of the woods, now tale
Of panther-fight and Indian trail,
Till the rude group, the camp-fire round,
Crouch with their rifles, on the ground.

Where wide the branch-linked river spreads,
Near rapids swift, a fairy isle,
Three leagues above those mountain-sheds,
Looks like a sweet perpetual smile.
The muskrat burrows in its sides,
Down its steep slopes the otter slides;
The splendid sheldrake, floating, feeds
In his close haunts amid the reeds;
Around its sandy points, all day,
Watches and wades the crane for prey;
While show its shallows lily-rob
Of heart-shaped leaves and golden globes.

Above the mountain hamlet, fade
Eve's tints, and darkness spreads its shade;
Their pointed tops the cedars rear
Against the starlight bright and clear.
Then come the many sounds and sights
Usual in forest summer-nights:
At intervals, the flitting breeze
Draws soft, low sobbings from the trees;
From the deep woods, in transient float,
Tinkles the whetsaw's double note;
The wakeful frog, unceasing, groans;
Twang the mosquito's hungry tones,
And echoing sweetly, on the hill,
Whistles the sorrowing whippoorwill;
From the cleft pine the gray owl hoots,
 Swell from the swamp the wolf's long cry,
And, now and then, a meteor shoots
 And melts within the spangled sky.
The firefly opes and shuts its gleam,
 The cricket chirps, the tree-toad crows;
And hark! the cougar's distant scream
 Afar the mountain echo throws.

Alfred Billings Street.

Bethlehem, Pa.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowed head ;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The crimson banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.

“Take thy banner! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave;
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

“Take thy banner! and, beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it, till our homes are free!
Guard it! God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,

In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

“Take thy banner! But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him! By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him! he our love hath shared!
Spare him! as thou wouldst be spared!

“Take thy banner! and if e’er
Thou shouldst press the soldier’s bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.”

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



Bloomingtondale, N. Y.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

'T was my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand —
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend,
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall hurt it not.

George P. Morris.

Brandywine, the River, Pa.

THE BRANDYWINE.

O H! if there is in beautiful and fair
A potency to charm, a power to bless;
If bright blue skies and music-breathing air,
And Nature in her every varied dress
Of peaceful beauty and wild loveliness,
Can shed across the heart one sunshine ray,
Then others, too, sweet stream, with only less
Than mine own joy, shall gaze, and bear away
Some cherished thought of thee for many a coming day.

But yet not utterly obscure thy banks,
Nor all unknown to history's page thy name;
For there wild war hath poured his battle ranks,
And stamped, in characters of blood and flame,
Thine annals in the chronicles of fame.
The wave that ripples on, so calm and still,
Hath trembled at the war-cry's loud acclaim,
The cannon's voice hath rolled from hill to hill,
And midst thy echoing vales the tramp hath sounded
shrill.

My country's standard waved on yonder height,
Her red cross banner England there displayed,
And there the German, who, for foreign fight,
Had left his own domestic hearth, and made
War, with its horrors and its blood, a trade,

Amidst the battle stood; and all the day,
The bursting bomb, the furious cannonade,
The bugle's martial notes, the musket's play,
In mingled uproar wild, resounded far away.

Thick clouds of smoke obscured the clear bright sky,
And hung above them like a funeral pall,
Shrouding both friend and foe, so soon to lie
Like brethren slumbering in one father's hall:
The work of death went on, and when the fall
Of night came onward silently, and shed
A dreary hush, where late was uproar all,
How many a brother's heart in anguish bled
O'er cherished ones, who there lay resting with the dead

Unshrouded and uncoffined they were laid
Within the soldier's grave — e'en where they fell:
At noon they proudly trod the field, — the spade
At night dug out their resting-place; and well
And calmly did they slumber, though no bell
Pealed over them its solemn music slow:
The night winds sung their only dirge, — their knell
Was but the owlet's boding cry of woe,
The flap of night-hawk's wing, and murmuring waters'
flow.

But it is over now, — the plough hath rased
All trace of where War's wasting hand hath been:
No vestige of the battle may be traced,
Save where the share, in passing o'er the scene,
Turns up some rusted ball; the maize is green
On what was once the death-bed of the brave;

The waters have resumed their wonted sheen,
The wild bird sings in cadence with the wave,
And naught remains to show the sleeping soldier's grave.

A pebble-stone that on the war-field lay,
And a wild rose that blossomed brightly there,
Were all the relics that I bore away,
To tell that I had trod the scene of war,
When I had turned my footsteps homeward far.
These may seem childish things to some; to me
They shall be treasured ones, — and, like the star
That guides the sailor o'er the pathless sea,
They shall lead back my thoughts, loved Brandywine,
to thee!

Elizabeth Margaret Chandler.

TO THE BRANDYWINE.

AGAIN upon my view
Thou com'st in quiet beauty, gentle stream!
Upon thy waves, the clustering foliage through,
Floats the soft summer beam.

Tall trees above thee bend,
That cast dark shadows on thy swelling breast;
And falls the mellow light in hues that blend,
Soft as the sunset west.

And massy rocks arise,
To whose gray sides the glossy smilax cleaves,
While in the clefts the fox's timorous eyes
Peep from the clustering leaves.

The pendent willows dip
Their long boughs o'er, and in the water lave ;
And stoops the modest golden cup, to sip
The brightly flowing wave.

Thou wind'st through meadows green,
Fringed with tall grass, and graceful bending fern ;
And down through glades to join thee, many a stream
Leaps from its mountain urn.

* * *

In sunnier climes than ours
Glide brighter streams, o'er sands of golden hue,
And course their way beneath o'ershadowing flowers
And skies of fadeless blue.

Yet still around thy name
A halo lingers, never to decay,
For thou hast seen, of old, young Freedom's flame,
Beaming with glorious ray.

And once thy peaceful tide
Was filled with life-blood from bold hearts and brave ;
And heroes on thy verdant margin died,
The land they loved, to save.

These vales, so calm and still,
Once saw the foeman's charge, — the bayonet's gleam ;
And heard the thunders roll from hill to hill,
From morn till sunset's beam.

Yet in thy glorious beauty, now,
Unchanged thou art as when War's clarion peal

Rang o'er thy waves, and on yon green hill's brow,
Glittered the serried steel.

And still thy name shall be
A watchword for the brave of Freedom's clime,
And every patriot's heart will turn to thee,
As in the olden time.

Bayard Taylor.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

HOW soft and pure the sunlight falls
On this lone city of the dead,—
How gilds the cold and marble walls,
Where autumn's crimson leaves are shed:
The gentle uplands and the glades
No sad, funereal aspect wear;
But, as the summer's greenness fades,
In their new garments seen more fair.

Look, Mary,—what a splendid scene
Around us in the distance lies!
Bright breaks the silver sea between
This island and the western skies.
How still with all her towers and domes
The city sleeps on yonder shore,—
How many thousand happy homes
Yon starless sky is bending o'er!

Happy—although this sacred spot
The happiest may receive at last—
How may their memories be forgot,
Save when some casual glance is cast
By tearless eyes upon their graves,
And passing strangers bend to learn
O'er whom some tree its foliage waves,
Whose name adorns some sculptured urn.

Oh! mournful fate! to die unknown
And leave no constant heart to pine;—
And yet, ere many years have flown,
Such fate, dear Mary, may be mine.
Alone I live, and I shall die
With no sweet hand like thine to close—
When from my sight earth's miseries fly—
My eyelids in their long repose.

Park Benjamin.

GREENWOOD.

SIDE by side rise the two great cities,
Afar on the traveller's sight;
One, black with the dust of labor,
One, solemnly still and white.
Apart, and yet together,
They are reached in a dying breath,
But a river flows between them,
And the river's name is—Death.
Apart, and yet together,
Together, and yet apart,

As the child may die at midnight
On the mother's living heart.
So close come the two great cities,
With only the river between ;
And the grass in the one is trampled,
But the grass in the other is green.

The hills with uncovered foreheads,
Like the disciples meet,
While ever the flowing water
Is washing their hallowed feet.
And out on the glassy ocean,
The sails in the golden gloom
Seem to me but moving shadows
Of the white emmarbled tomb.

Anon, from the hut and the palace
Anon, from early till late,
They come, rich and poor together,
Asking alms at thy Beautiful Gate.
And never had life a guerdon
So welcome to all to give,
In the land where the living are dying,
As the land where the dead may live.

O silent City of Refuge
On the way to the City o'erhead !
The gleam of thy marble milestones
Tells the distance we are from the dead.
Full of feet, but a city untrodden,
Full of hands, but a city unbuilt,
Full of strangers who know not even
That their life-cup lies there spilt.

They know not the tomb from the palace,
They dream not they ever have died :
God be thanked they never will know it
Till they live on the other side !
From the doors that death shut coldly
On the face of their last lone woe :
They came to thy glades for shelter
Who had nowhere else to go.

S. Miller Hagerman.

GOING TO GREENWOOD.

MARY and I were going together
Down to Greenwood's City of Rest ; —
Going down, in the summer weather,
Where slept the friends we had loved the best.

I had a sister, loved and cherished,
Waiting there my day of doom ; —
Mary two babes that together perished
Like twin roses in their bloom.

Green, we knew, was the grass above them,
Bright the flowers, like Heaven's tears,
Scattered by hands we had taught to love them,
Every sunny day for years.

Mary and I were going together,
Some bright day, — as dear friends come
With the cheerful smile of sunny weather, —
To visit our dead in their quiet home.

We would sit fair flowers wreathing
For the marble overhead;
Hearing the birds sing, as if breathing
Our own love for the early dead.

Mary and I, through all the seasons,
Set we times for our pilgrim day;
Hindered yet by a hundred reasons,
Till the summer had passed away.

Autumn is here with its voice of wailing,
Greenwood's walks are bleak and bare;
Nature's beauty is sinking, failing,
Mary has gone before and there.

The City of Rest has a fair new-comer;
O'er Mary's grave the sad winds moan:
When the skies are bright, next summer,
I shall go to Greenwood alone.

Henry Morford.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

HERE are the houses of the dead. Here youth
And age and manhood, stricken in his strength,
Hold solemn state and awful silence keep,
While Earth goes murmuring in her ancient path,
And troubled Ocean tosses to and fro
Upon his mountainous bed impatiently,
And many stars make worship musical
In the dim-aisled abyss, and over all
The Lord of Life, in meditation sits

Changeless, alone, beneath the large white dome
Of Immortality.

I pause and think
Among these walks lined by the frequent tombs ;
For it is very wonderful. Afar
The populous city lifts its tall, bright spires,
And snowy sails are glancing on the bay,
As if in merriment, — but here all sleep ;
They sleep, these calm, pale people of the past :
Spring plants her rosy feet on their dim homes, —
They sleep ! Sweet Summer comes and calls, and calls
With all her passionate poetry of flowers
Wed to the music of the soft south-wind, —
They sleep ! The lonely Autumn sits and sobs
Between the cold white tombs, as if her heart
Would break, — they sleep ! Wild Winter comes and
chants

Majestical the mournful sagas learned
Far in the melancholy North, where God
Walks forth alone upon the desolate seas, —
They slumber still ! Sleep on, O passionless dead !
Ye make our world sublime : ye have a power
And majesty the living never hold.
Here Avarice shall forget his den of gold !
Here Lust his beautiful victim, and hot Hate
His crouching foe. Ambition here shall lean
Against Death's shaft, veiling the stern, bright eye
That, overbold, would take the height of gods,
And know Fame's nothingness. The sire shall come,
The matron and the child, through many years,
To this fair spot, whether the pluméd hearse

Moves slowly through the winding walks, or Death
For a brief moment pauses : all shall come
To feel the touching eloquence of graves.
And therefore it was well for us to clothe
The place with beauty. No dark terror here
Shall chill the generous tropic of the soul,
But Poetry and her starred comrade Art
Shall make the sacred country of the dead
Magnificent. The fragrant flowers shall smile
Over the low, green graves ; the trees shall shake
Their soul-like cadences upon the tombs ;
The little lake, set in a paradise
Of wood, shall be a mirror to the moon
What time she looks from her imperial tent
In long delight at all below ; the sea
Shall lift some stately dirge he loves to breathe
Over dead nations, while calm sculptures stand
On every hill, and look like spirits there
That drink the harmony. Oh, it is well !
Why should a darkness scowl on any spot
Where man grasps immortality ? Light, light,
And art, and poetry, and eloquence,
And all that we call glorious are its dower.

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William Wallace.

Callicoon, the River, N. Y.

THE CALLICOON IN AUTUMN.

A CHARMING forest stream of Sullivan County, uniting with the Willemoc and flowing into the Delaware.

FAR in the forest's heart, unknown
Except to sun and breeze,
Where Solitude her dreaming throne
Has held for centuries;
Chronicled by the rings and moss
That tell the flight of years across
The seamed and columned trees,
This lovely streamlet glides along
With tribute of eternal song!

Now, stealing through its thickets deep
In which the wood-duck hides;
Now, picturing in its basin sleep
Its green, pool-hollowed sides;
Here, through the pebbles slow it creeps,
There, in some wild abyss it sweeps,
And, foaming, hoarsely chides:
Then slides so still, its gentle swell
Scarce ripples round the lily's bell.

Nature, in her autumnal dress
Magnificent and gay,
Displays her brightest loveliness,
Though nearest her decay;

The sky is spread in silvery sheen,
With breaks of tenderest blue between,
Through which the timid ray
Struggles in faintest, meekest glow,
And rests in dreamy hues below.

The southwest airs of laden balm
Come breathing sweetly by,
And wake, amid the forest's calm,
One quick and shivering sigh,
Shaking, but dimpling not the glass
Of this smooth streamlet, as they pass,
They scarcely wheel on high
The thistle's downy, silver star,
To waft its pendent seed afar.

Sleep-like the silence, by the lapse
Of waters only broke,
And the woodpecker's fitful taps
Upon the hollow oak;
And, mingling with the insect hum,
The beatings of the partridge drum,
With now and then a croak,
As, on his flapping wing, the crow
O'er passes, heavily and slow.

A foliage world of glittering dyes
Gleams brightly on the air,
As though a thousand sunset skies,
With rainbows, blended there;
Each leaf an opal, and each tree

A bower of varied brilliancy,
And all one general glare
Of splendor that o'erwhelms the sight
With dazzling and unequalled light.

Rich gold with gorgeous crimson, here,
The birch and maple twine,
The beech its orange mingles near,
With emerald of the pine ;
And even the humble bush and herb
Are glowing with those tints superb,
As though a scattered mine
Of gems upon the earth were strown,
Flashing with radiance, each its own.

All steeped in that delicious charm
Peculiar to our land,
That comes, ere Winter's frosty arm
Knits Nature's icy band ;
The purple, rich, and glimmering smoke,
That forms the Indian Summer's cloak,
When, by soft breezes fanned,
For a few precious days he broods
Amid the gladdened fields and woods.

The squirrel chatters merrily,
The nut falls ripe and brown,
And, gem-like, from the jewelled tree
The leaf comes fluttering down ;
And restless in his plumage gay,
From bush to bush loud screams the jay,
And on the hemlock's crown

The sentry pigeon guards from foe
The flock that dots the woods below.

See ! on this edge of forest lawn,
Where sleeps the clouded beam,
A doe has led her spotted fawn
To gambol by the stream ;
Beside yon mullein's braided stalk
They hear the gurgling voices talk,
While, like a wandering gleam,
The yellow-bird dives here and there,
A feathered vessel of the air.

On, through the rampart walls of rock,
The waters pitch in white,
And high, in mist, the cedars lock
Their boughs, half lost to sight
Above the whirling gulf, — the dash
Of frenzied floods, that vainly lash
Their limits in their flight,
Whose roar the eagle, from his peak,
Responds to with his angriest shriek.

Stream of the wilds ! the Indian here,
Free as thy chainless flow,
Has bent against thy depths his spear, .
And in thy woods his bow, —
The beaver built his dome ; but they,
The memories of an earlier day, —
Like those dead trunks, that show
What once were mighty pines, — have fled
With Time's unceasing, rapid tread.

Alfred Billings Street.

Canepo, the Lake, N. Y.

LAKE CANEPO.

WHEN cradled on thy placid breast,
In hushed content I loved to muse,
Too full the heart, too sweet the rest,
For thought and speech to interfuse.

But now, when thou art shrined afar,
Like Nature's chosen urn of peace,
Remembrance, like the evening star,
Begins a vigil ne'er to cease.

Each mossy rock, each fairy isle,
Inlets with thickets overhung,
The cloud's rose-tint or fleecy pile,
And Echo's wildly frolic tongue ;

The light and shade that o'er thee play,
The ripple of thy moonlit wave,
The long, calm, dreamy summer day,
The very stones thy waters lave ;

The converse frank, the harmless jest,
The reverie without a sigh,
The hammock's undulating rest,
With fair companions seated by ;

Yet linger, as if near thee still,
I heard, upon the fitful breeze,

The locust and the whippoorwill,
Or rustle of the swaying trees.

Hills rise in graceful curves around,
Here dark with tangled forest shade,
There yellow with the harvest-ground,
Or emerald with the open glade ;

Primeval chestnuts line the strand,
And hemlocks every mountain side,
While, by each passing zephyr fanned,
Azalea flowers kiss the tide.

We nestle in the gliding barge,
And turn from yon unclouded sky,
To watch, along the bosky marge,
Its image in thy waters nigh.

Or, gently darting to and fro,
The insects on their face explore,
With speckled minnows poised below,
And tortoise on the pebbly floor.

Or turn the prow to some lone bay,
Where thick the floating leaves are spread ;
How bright and queen-like the array
Of lilies in their crystal bed !

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Henry Theodore Tuckerman.

Catskill Mountains, N. Y.

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

AND, lo! the Catskills print the distant sky,
 And o'er their airy tops the faint clouds driven,
 So softly blending, that the cheated eye
 Forgets or which is earth or which is heaven, —
 Sometimes, like thunder-clouds, they shade the even.
 Till, as you nearer draw, each wooded height
 Puts off the azure hues by distance given:
 And slowly break upon the enamored sight,
 Ravine, crag, field, and wood, in colors true and bright.

Mount to the cloud-kissed summit. Far below
 Spreads the vast champaign like a shoreless sea.
 Mark yonder narrow streamlet feebly flow,
 Like idle brook that creeps ingloriously;
 Can that the lovely, lordly Hudson be,
 Stealing by town and mountain? Who beholds,
 At break of day, this scene, when, silently,
 Its map of field, wood, hamlet, is unrolled,
 While, in the east, the sun uprears his locks of gold,

Till earth receive him never can forget?
 Even when returned amid the city's roar,
 The fairy vision haunts his memory yet,
 As in the sailor's fancy shines the shore.
 Imagination cons the moment o'er,
 When first-discovered, awe-struck and amazed,
 Scarce loftier Jove — whom men and gods adore —
 On the extended earth beneath him gazed,
 Temple, and tower, and town — — — — — raised.

Blow, scented gale, the snowy canvas swell,
 And flow, thou silver, eddying current, on.
 Grieve we to bid each lovely point farewell,
 That, ere its graces half are seen, is gone.
 By woody bluff we steal, by leaning lawn,
 By palace, village, cot, a sweet surprise,
 At every turn the vision breaks upon ;
 Till to our wondering and uplifted eyes
 The Highland rocks and hills in solemn grandeur rise.

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Theodore S. Fay.

CATSKILL.

HOW reel the wildered senses at the sight !
 How vast the boundless vision breaks in view !
 Nor thought, nor word, can well depict the scene ;
 The din of toil comes faintly swelling up
 From green fields far below ; and all around
 The forest sea sends up its ceaseless roar
 Like to the ocean's everlasting chime.
 Mountains on mountains in the distance rise,
 Like clouds along the far horizon's verge ;
 Their misty summits mingling with the sky,
 Till earth and heaven seem blended into one.
 So far removed from toil and bustling care, —
 So far from earth, if heaven no nearer be,
 And gazing, as a spirit, from mid-air
 Upon the strife and tumult of the world,
 Let me forget the cares I leave behind,
 And with an humble spirit, bow before
 The Maker of these everlasting hills.

Bayard Taylor.

CATTERSKILL FALLS.

MIDST greens and shades the Catterskill leaps,
From cliffs where the wood-flower clings;
All summer he moistens his verdant steeps
With the sweet light spray of the mountain springs;
And he shakes the woods on the mountain side,
When they drip with the rains of autumn-tide.

But when, in the forest bare and old,
The blast of December calls,
He builds, in the starlight clear and cold,
A palace of ice where his torrent falls,
With turret, and arch, and fretwork fair,
And pillars blue as the summer air.

For whom are those glorious chambers wrought,
In the cold and cloudless night?
Is there neither spirit nor motion of thought
In forms so lovely and hues so bright?
Hear what the gray-haired woodmen tell
Of this wild stream and its rocky dell.

'T was hither a youth of dreamy mood,
A hundred winters ago,
Had wandered over the mighty wood,
When the panther's track was fresh on the snow,
And keen were the winds that came to stir
The long dark boughs of the hemlock-fir.

Too gentle of mien he seemed and fair
For a child of those rugged steeps;

His home lay low in the valley where
The kingly Hudson rolls to the deeps ;
But he wore the hunter's frock that day,
And a slender gun on his shoulder lay.

And here he paused, and against the trunk
Of a tall gray linden leant,
When the broad clear orb of the sun had sunk
From his path in the frosty firmament,
And over the round dark edge of the hill
A cold green light was quivering still.

And the crescent moon, high over the green,
From a sky of crimson shone
On that icy palace, whose towers were seen
To sparkle as if with stars of their own ;
While the water fell with a hollow sound,
'Twixt the glistening pillars ranged around.

Is that a being of life, that moves
Where the crystal battlements rise ?
A maiden watching the moon she loves,
At the twilight hour, with pensive eyes ?
Was that a garment which seemed to gleam
Betwixt his eye and the falling stream ?

'T is only the torrent tumbling o'er,
In the midst of those glassy walls,
Gushing, and plunging, and beating the floor
Of the rocky basin in which it falls.
'T is only the torrent—but why that start ?
Why gazes the youth with a throbbing heart ?

He thinks no more of his home afar,
Where his sire and sister wait.
He heeds no longer how star after star
Looks forth on the night as the hour grows late.
He heeds not the snow-wreaths, lifted and cast
From a thousand boughs by the rising blast.

His thoughts are alone of those who dwell
In the halls of frost and snow,
Who pass where the crystal domes upswell
From the alabaster floors below,
Where the frost-trees shoot with leaf and spray,
And frost-gems scatter a silvery day.

“And oh, that those glorious haunts were mine!”
He speaks, and throughout the glen
Thin shadows swim in the faint moonshine,
And take a ghastly likeness of men,
As if the slain by the wintry storms
Came forth to the air in their earthly forms.

There pass the chasers of seal and whale,
With their weapons quaint and grim,
And bands of warriors in glittering mail,
And herdsmen and hunters huge of limb;
There are naked arms, with bow and spear,
And furry gauntlets the carbine rear.

There are mothers — and oh, how sadly their eyes
On their children's white brows rest!
There are youthful lovers, — the maiden lies,
In a seeming sleep, on the chosen breast;

There are fair wan women with moonstruck air,
The snow-stars flecking their long loose hair.

They eye him not as they pass along,
But his hair stands up with dread,
When he feels that he moves with that phantom throng,
Till those icy turrets are over his head,
And the torrent's roar as they enter seems
Like a drowsy murmur heard in dreams.

The glittering threshold is scarcely passed,
When there gathers and wraps him round
A thick white twilight, sullen and vast,
In which there is neither form nor sound;
The phantoms, the glory, vanish all,
With the dying voice of the waterfall.

Slow passes the darkness of that trance,
And the youth now faintly sees
Huge shadows and gushes of light that dance
On a rugged ceiling of unhewn trees,
And walls where the skins of beasts are hung,
And rifles glitter on antlers strung.

On a couch of shaggy skins he lies;
As he strives to raise his head,
Hard-featured woodmen, with kindly eyes,
Come round him and smooth his furry bed,
And bid him rest, for the evening star
Is scarcely set and the day is far.

They had found at eve the dreaming one
By the base of that icy steep,

When over his stiffening limbs begun
The deadly slumber of frost to creep,
And they cherished the pale and breathless form,
Till the stagnant blood ran free and warm.

William Cullen Bryant.

Cayuga, the Lake, N. Y.

CAYUGA LAKE.

SWEET, sylvan lake! in memory's gold
Is set the time when first my eye
From thy green shore beheld thee hold

Thy mirror to the sunset sky.
No ripple brushed its delicate air,
Rich silken tints alone were there;
The far opposing shore displayed,
Mingling its tints, a tender shade;
A sail, scarce seeming to the sight
To move, spread there its pinion white,
Like some pure spirit stealing on
Down from its realm, by beauty won.
Oh, who could view the scene, nor feel
Its gentle peace within him steal,
Nor in his inmost bosom bless
Its rich and radiant loveliness!
My heart bent low its willing knee
Before the glorious Deity;
Beauty led up my soul to Him,—
Beauty, though cold and poor and dim

Beside his radiance, beauty still
That made my inmost bosom thrill;
To loftier life my being wrought,
And purified my every thought;
Crept, like soft music, through my mind,
And every feeling soft refined,
Lifting me, that pure, lovely even,
One precious moment up to heaven.

Then, contrast wild, I saw the cloud,
The next day, rear its sable crest;
And heard, with awe, the thunder loud
Come, crashing, o'er thy blackening breast.
Down swooped the Eagle of the Blast;
One mass of foam flew, tossing high;
While the red lightnings fierce and fast
Shot from the wild and scowling sky;
And burst in mad and mighty train
One tumbling cataract, the rain.
I saw, within the driving mist,
Dim, writhing, stooping shapes; — the trees
That the last eve so softly kissed,
And birds so filled with melodies.
Still rushed the wind with keener shriek;
The tossing waters higher rolled;
Still fiercer flashed the lightning's streak,
Still gloomier frowned the tempest's fold.

Ah! such, ah! such is life, I sighed,
That lovely yester eve and this.
Now it reflects the radiant pride
Of youth and hope and promised bliss;

Earth's future track an Eden seems
Far lovelier than our loveliest dreams.
Again, the tempest rushes o'er,
The sky's blue smile is seen no more;
The placid deep to foam is tossed,
All trace of peace and beauty lost.
Despair is hovering, dark and wild.
Ah, what can save Earth's stricken child!

Sweet, sylvan lake! beside thee now
Green hamlets point their spires to heaven;
Rich meadows wave, broad grain-fields bow,
The axe resounds, the plough is driven,
Down verdant slopes roam herds to drink;
Flocks strew, like spots of snow, thy brink;
The frequent farm-house greets the sight;
Mid falling harvests scythes are bright;
The watch-dog's bark sounds faint from far;
Shakes on the ear the saw-mill's jar;
The steamer, like a gliding bird,
Stems the rich emerald of thy wave;
And the gay song and laugh are heard,
But all is o'er the Indian's grave!
Pause, white man! check thy onward stride!
Cease o'er the wave thy prow to guide!
Until is given one sigh sincere
For those who once were monarchs here;
And prayer is made, beseeching God
To spare us his avenging rod
For all the wrongs upon the head
Of the poor, helpless savage shed;

Who, strong when we were weak, did not
Trample us down upon the spot,
But, weak when we were strong, were cast
Like leaves upon the rushing blast.

Sweet, sylvan lake! one single gem
Glitters in thy green diadem.
No sister has this fairy isle
To yield its beauty smile for smile;
With it, to hear the bluebird sing,
“Wake, leaves and flowers! here comes the Spring!”
With it, to weave for Summer’s tread
Mosses below, and bowers o’erhead;
With it, to flash on gorgeous skies
The opal pomp of Autumn dyes,
And when stern Winter’s tempests blow,
To shrink beneath his robes of snow.

Sweet, sylvan lake! that isle of thine
Is like one hope through grief to shine;
Is like one tie our life to cheer;
Is like one flower when all is sere;
One ray amid the tempest’s might;
One star amid the gloom of night.

Alfred Billings Street.

Champlain, the Lake, N. Y.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

NOT thoughtless let us enter thy domain;
Well did the tribes of yore,
Who sought the ocean from the distant plain,
Call thee their country's door.

And as the portals of a saintly pile
The wanderer's steps delay,
And, while he musing roams the lofty aisle,
Care's phantoms melt away

In the vast realm where tender memories brood
O'er sacred haunts of time,
That woo his spirit to a nobler mood
And more benignant clime, —

So in the fane of thy majestic hills
We meekly stand elate;
The baffled heart a tranquil rapture fills
Beside thy crystal gate:

For here the incense of the cloistered pines,
Stained windows of the sky,
The frescoed clouds and mountains' purple shrines,
Proclaim God's temple nigh.

Through wild ravines thy wayward currents glide,
Round bosky islands play;
Here tufted headlands meet the lucent tide,
There gleams the spacious bay;

Untracked for ages, save when crouching flew,
Through forest-hung defiles,
The dusky savage in his frail canoe,
To seek the thousand isles,

Or rally to the fragrant cedar's shade
The settler's crafty foe,
With toilsome march and midnight ambuscade
To lay his dwelling low.

Along the far horizon's opal wall
The dark blue summits rise,
And o'er them rifts of misty sunshine fall,
Or golden vapor lies.

And over all tradition's gracious spell
A fond allurements weaves;
Her low refrain the moaning tempest swells,
And thrills the whispering leaves.

To win this virgin land, — a kingly quest, —
Chivalric deeds were wrought;
Long by thy marge and on thy placid breast
The Gaul and Saxon fought.

What cheers of triumph in thy echoes sleep!
What brave blood dyed thy wave!
A grass-grown rampart crowns each rugged steep,
Each isle a hero's grave.

And gallant squadrons manned for border fray,
That rival standards bore,
Sprung from thy woods and on thy bosom lay, —
Stern warders of the shore.

How changed since he whose name thy waters bear,
The silent hills between,
Led by his swarthy guides to conflict there,
Entranced beheld the scene!

Fleets swiftly ply where lagged the lone bateau,
And quarries trench the gorge;
Where waned the council-fire, now steadfast glow
The pharos and the forge.

On Adirondack's lake-encircled crest
Old war-paths mark the soil,
Where idly bivouacs the summer guest,
And peaceful miners toil.

Where lurked the wigwam, cultured households throng;
Where rung the panther's yell
Is heard the low of kine, a blithesome song,
Or chime of village bell.

And when, to subjugate the peopled land,
Invaders crossed the sea,
Rushed from thy meadow-slopes a stalwart band,
To battle for the free.

Nor failed the pristine valor of the race
To guard the nation's life;
Thy hardy sons met treason face to face,
The foremost in the strife.

When locusts bloom and wild-rose scents the air,
When moonbeams fleck the stream,
And June's long twilights crimson shadows wear,
Here linger, gaze, and dream!

Henry Theodore Tuckerman.

BURGOYNE'S FLEET.

A DEEP, stern sound! the starting signal-roar!
And up Champlain Burgoyne's great squadron bore.
In front, his savage ally's bark canoes
Flashing in all their bravery wild of hues,
Their war-songs sounding and their paddles timed;
Next the bateaux, their rude, square shapes sublimed
With pennon, sword, and bayonet, casting glow
In pencilled pictures on the plain below;
Last, the grand ships, by queenly Mary led,
Where shines Burgoyne in pomp of gold and red;
And then, in line, St. George, Inflexible,
And radeau Thunderer, dancing on the swell
The glad wind made: how stately shone the scene!
June in the forests each side smiling green!
The graceful chestnut's dark green dome was fraught
With golden tassels; ivory, seeming brought
From winter lingering in the Indian Pass,
Mantled the locust; as in April grass
Rich dandelions burn, the basswood showed
Its bells of yellow; while the dogwood glowed
In a white helmet thickly plumed atop;
The earlier cherry let its sweet pearls drop
With every breeze; the hemlock smiled with edge
Fringed in fresh emerald; even the sword-like sedge,
Sharp mid the snowy lily-goblets set
In the nooked shallows like a spangled net,
Was jewelled with brown bloom. By curving point
Where glittering ripples umber sands anoint

With foamy silver, by deep crescent bays
Sleeping beneath their veil of drowsy haze,
By watery coverts shimmering faint in film,
Broad, rounded knolls one creamy, rosy realm
Of laurel blossom with the kalmia-urns
Dotted with red, the fleet, as sentient, turns
The winding channel; in tall towers of white
The stately ships reflect the golden light
Dazzling the lake; the huge bateaux ply deep
Their laboring, dashing pathway; fronting, keep,
With measured paddle-stabs, the light canoes
Their gliding course; the doe, upstarting, views
And hides her fawn; the panther marks the scene
And bears her cubs within the thicket's screen;
The wolf lifts sharpened ear and forward foot;
Waddles the bear away with startled hoot
As some sail sends a sudden flash of white
In the cove's greenery; slow essaying flight,
The loon rears, flapping, its checked, grazing wings,
Till up it struggling flies and downward flings
Its Indian whoop; the bluebird's sapphire hue
Kindles the shade; the pigeon's softer blue
Breaks, swarming, out; the robin's warble swells
In crumply cadence from the skirting dells;
And restless rings the bobolink's bubbly note
From the clear bell that tinkles in his throat.
Thus stately, cheerily, moves the thronging fleet!
On the lake's steel the blazing sunbeams' beat;
But now a blast comes blustering from a gorge;
The white caps dance; it bends the tall St. George,
And even the Thunderer tosses; the array

Breaks up; canoe, bateau, grope doubtful way
Through the dim air; in spectral white, each sail
Glances and shivers in the whistling gale;
All the green paintings of point, bank, and tree
Vanish in black and white, and all but see
A close horizon where near islands lose
Their shapes, and distant ranks of forest fuse
Into a mass; at length the blast flies off,
Shallows stop rattling, and the hollow cough
Of surges into caves makes gradual cease,
Till on the squadron glides once more in sunny peace.

So on some blue-gold day white clouds upfloat
In shining throng, and next are dashed remote
By a fierce wind, then join in peace again,
And smoothly winnow o'er the heavenly plain;
Or so some fleet of wild fowl on the lake,
Dipping and preening, quiet journey take,
Till the sky drops an eagle circling low
For the straight plunge; wild scattering to and fro,
They seek the shed of bank, the cave of plants,
Tunnel of stream, wherever lurk their haunts,
Until the baffled eagle seeks again
His sky, and safety holds, once more, its reign.

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On Lady Mary's deck Burgoyne would stand
Drinking the sights and sounds at either hand,
Replete with beauty to his poet-heart,
Laughing to scorn man's paltry works of Art:
The grassy vista with its grazing deer;

The lone loon oaring on its shy career;
The withered pine-tree with its fish-hawk nest;
The eagle-eyrie on some craggy crest;
The rich white lilies that wide shallows told;
Their yellow sisters with their globes of gold
At the stream's mouth; the ever-changeeful lake;
Here a green gleaming, there a shadowy rake
Of scudding air-breath; here a dazzling flash
Searing the eyeball, there a sudden dash
Of purple from some cloud; a streak of white
The wake of some scared duck avoiding sight.
The dogwood, plumed with many a pearly gem,
Was a bright queen with her rich diadem;
An oak with some crooked branch up pointing grand,
A monarch with his sceptre in his hand;
A rounded root a prostrate pine-tree rears
A slumbering giant's mighty shield appears;
A long-drawn streak of cloud with pendent swell
Of hill, a beam with its suspended bell.
In some gray ledge, high lifted up, he sees
An ancient castle looking from its trees;
Some mountain's rugged outline shows the trace
Of the odd profile of the human face;
A slender point tipped with its drinking deer
Seems to his soldier eye a prostrate spear;
In the near partridge-pinion's rolling hum,
He hears, with smiles, the beating of the drum;
And in the thresher's tones, with music rife,
The stirring flourish of the whistling fife;
And thus his fancy roams, till twilight draws
Around the fading scene its silver gauze.

A golden, lazy summer afternoon !
The air is fragrant with the scents of June, —
Wintergreen, sassafras, and juniper,
Rich birch-breath, pungent mint and spicy fir
And resinous cedar ; on Carillon's walls
The sentry paces where cool shadow falls ;
His comrade sits, his musket on his knee,
Watching the speckling gnats convulsively
Stitching the clear dark air that films some nook.
He hears the dashing of the Horicon brook
Loud at the west, — that curved and slender chain
By which the Tassel hangs upon Champlain, —
It chimes within his ear like silver bells,
And the sweet jangling only quiet tells ;
In front he sees the long and leafy points
Curving the waters into elbow-joints
Of bays ; a crest beyond the old French lines,
Domes the flat woods ; east, opposite, inclines
Mount Independence, its sloped summit crowned
With its star-fort, with battery breastplate bound,
The floating bridge between, the massive boom
And chain in front, and in the rearward room
A group of patriot craft ; and sweeping thence
The forest landscape's green magnificence.
Southward the lake a narrowed river bends
With one proud summit where the brook suspends
Horicon's tassel to King Corlaer's crown,
Close to Carillon's dark embattled frown.

Alfred Billings Street.

Delaware, the River.

THE FRESHET.

A LEGEND OF THE DELAWARE.

MARCH hath unlocked stern winter's chain;
Nature is wrapped in misty shrouds,
And ceaselessly the drenching rain

Drips from the gray, sky-mantling clouds;
The deep snows melt, and swelling rills
Pour through each hollow of the hills;
The river from its rest hath risen,
And bounded from its shattered prison;
The huge ice-fragments onward dash,
With grinding roar and splintering crash;
Swift leap the floods upon their way,

Like war-steeds thundering on their path,
With hoofs of waves and manes of spray,
Restrainless in their mighty wrath.

Wild mountains stretch in towering pride
Along the river's either side;
Leaving between it and their walls
Narrow and level intervals.

When summer glows, how sweet and bright
The landscape smiles upon the sight!
Here, the bright golden wheat-fields vie
With the rich tawny of the rye;
The buckwheat's snowy mantles, there,
Shed honeyed fragrance on the air;

In long straight ranks the corn uprears
Its silken plumes and pennoned spears ;
The yellow melon underneath
Plump ripens, in its viny wreath ;
Here, the piled rows of new-mown grass ;
There, the potato-plant's green mass ;
All framed by woods, — each limit shown
By zigzag rail, or wall of stone ;
Contrasting, here, within the shade,
The axe a space hath open laid,
Cumbered with trees hurled blended down,
Their verdure changed to withered brown ;
There, the soil, ashes-strewed and black,
Shows the red flame's devouring track ;
Slim fire-weeds shooting thick where stood
The leafy monarchs of the wood :
A landscape frequent in the land,
Which Freedom, with her gifts to bless,
Grasping the axe when sheathing brand,
Hewed from the boundless wilderness.

The rains have ceased : the struggling glare
Of sunset lights the misty air ;
The fierce winds sweep the myriad throng
Of broken ragged clouds along ;
From the rough saw-mill, where hath rung,
Through all the hours, its grating tongue,
The raftman sallies, as the gray
Of evening tells the flight of day,
And slowly seeks, with loitering stride,
His cabin by the river side.

As twilight darkens into night,
Still dash the waters in their flight,
Still the ice-fragments, thick and fast,
Shoot like the clouds before the blast.

Beyond, — the sinuous channel wends
Through a deep, narrow gorge, and bends
With curve so sharp, the drifting ice,
Hurled by the flood's tremendous might,
Piles the opposing precipice,

And every fragment swells the height;
Hour after hour uprears the wall,
Until a barrier huge and tall
Breasts the wild waves that vain upswell
To overwhelm the obstacle:
They bathe the alder on the verge,
The leaning hemlock now they merge,
The stately elm is dwindling low
Within the deep ingulfing flow,
Till, curbed thus in its headlong flight,
With its accumulated might,
The river, turning on its track,
Rolls its broad-spreading volumes back.

The raftman slumbers; through his dream
Distorted visions wildly stream;
Now in the wood his axe he swings,
And now his saw-mill's jarring rings;
Now his huge raft is shooting swift
Cochecton's wild, tumultuous rift,
Now floats it on the ebon lap
Of the grim shadowed Water Gap,

And now 't is tossing on the swells
Fierce dashing down the slope of Wells.
The rapids crash upon his ear,
The deep sounds roll more loud and near,
They fill his dream, — he starts, — he wakes !

The moonlight through the casement falls,
Ha ! the wild sight that on him breaks, —

The floods sweep round his cabin-walls.
Beneath their bounding, thundering shocks
The frail log fabric groans and rocks ;
Crash, crash ! the ice-bolts round it shiver ;
The walls like blast-swept branches quiver ;
His wife is clinging to his breast,
The child within his arm is prest ;
He staggers through the chilly flood
That numbs his limbs, and checks his blood.
On, on he strives : the waters lave
Higher his form with every wave ;
They steep his breast, on each side dash
The splintered ice with thundering crash ;
A fragment strikes him ; ha ! he reels ;
That shock in every nerve he feels ;
Faster, bold raftman, speed thy way,
The waves roar round thee for their prey ;
The cabin totters, — sinks, — the flood
Rolls its mad surges where it stood :
Before thy straining sight, the hill
Sleeps in the moonlight, bright and still.
Falter not, falter not, struggle on,
That goal of safety may be won ;
Heavily droops thy wife with fear,

Thy boy's shrill shriekings fill thine ear;
Urge, urge thy strength to where outfling
Yon cedar-branches for thy cling.
Joy, raftman, joy! thy need is past,
The wished-for goal is won at last.
Joy, raftman, joy! thy quick foot now
Is resting on the upland's brow.
Praise to high Heaven! each knee is bent,
And every heart in prayer of grateful love is blent.

Alfred Billings Street.

THE DELAWARE WATER-GAP.

OUR western land can boast no lovelier spot.
The hills which in their ancient grandeur stand
Piled to the frowning clouds, the bulwarks seem
Of this wild scene, resolved that none but Heaven
Shall look upon its beauty. Round their breast
A curtained fringe depends, of golden mist,
Touched by the slanting sunbeams; while below
The silent river, with majestic sweep,
Pursues his shadowed way, — his glassy face
Unbroken, save when stoops the lone wild swan
To float in pride, or dip his ruffled wing.
Talk ye of solitude? It is not here.
Nor silence. Low, deep murmurs are abroad.
Those towering hills hold converse with the sky
That smiles upon their summits; and the wind
Which stirs their wooded sides whispers of life,
And bears the burden sweet from leaf to leaf,
Bidding the stately forest-boughs look bright,

And nod to greet his coming! And the brook,
 That with its silvery gleam comes leaping down
 From the hillside, has, too, a tale to tell;
 The wild bird's music mingles with its chime;
 And gay young flowers, that blossom in its path,
 Send forth their perfume as an added gift.
 The river utters, too, a solemn voice,
 And tells of deeds long past, in ages gone,
 When not a sound was heard along his shores,
 Save the wild tread of savage feet, or shriek
 Of some expiring captive, and no bark
 E'er cleft his gloomy waters. Now, his waves
 Are vocal often with the hunter's song;
 Now visit, in their glad and onward course,
 The abodes of happy men, — gardens and fields,
 And cultured plains, — still bearing, as they pass,
 Fertility renewed and fresh delights.

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Elizabeth F. Ellett.

Elizabeth, N. J.

FUIT ILIUM.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

ONE by one they died, —
 Last of all their race;
 Nothing left but pride,
 Lace, and buckled hose.
 Their quietus made,
 On their dwelling-place

Ruthless hands are laid :
Down the old house goes !

See the ancient manse
Meet its fate at last !
Time, in his advance,
Age nor honor knows ;
Axe and broadaxe fall,
Lopping off the Past :
Hit with bar and maul,
Down the old house goes !

Sevenscore years it stood :
Yes, they built it well,
Though they built of wood,
When that house arose.
For its cross-beams square
Oak and walnut fell ;
Little worse for wear,
Down the old house goes !

Rending board and plank,
Men with crowbars ply,
Opening fissures dank,
Striking deadly blows.
From the gabled roof
How the shingles fly !
Keep you here aloof, —
Down the old house goes !

Holding still its place,
There the chimney stands,

Stanch from top to base,
 Frowning on its foes.
Heave apart the stones,
 Burst its iron bands !
How it shakes and groans !
 Down the old house goes !

Round the mantel-piece
 Glisten Scripture tiles ;
Henceforth they shall cease
 Painting Egypt's woes,
Painting David's fight,
 Fair Bathsheba's smiles,
Blinded Samson's might, —
 Down the old house goes !

On these oaken floors
 High-shoed ladies trod ;
Through those panelled doors
 Trailed their furbelows :
Long their day has ceased ;
 Now, beneath the sod,
With the worms they feast, —
 Down the old house goes !

Many a bride has stood
 In yon spacious room ;
Here her hand was wooed
 Underneath the rose ;
O'er that sill the dead
 Reached the family tomb :

All, that were, have fled, —
Down the old house goes !

Once, in yonder hall,
Washington, they say,
Led the New-Year's ball,
Stateliest of beaux !
O that minuet,
Maids and matrons gay !
Are there such sights yet ?
Down the old house goes !

British troopers came
Ere another year,
With their coats aflame,
Mincing on their toes ;
Daughters of the house
Gave them haughty cheer,
Laughed to scorn their vows, —
Down the old house goes !

Doorway high the box
In the grass-plot spreads ;
It has borne its locks
Through a thousand snows ;
In an evil day,
From those garden-beds
Now 't is hacked away, —
Down the old house goes !

Lo ! the sycamores,
Scathed and scrawny mates,

At the mansion doors
Shiver, full of woes ;
With its life they grew,
Guarded well its gates ;
Now their task is through, —
Down the old house goes !

On this honored site
Modern trade will build, —
What unseemly fright
Heaven only knows !
Something peaked and high,
Smacking of the guild :
Let us heave a sigh, —
Down the old house goes !

Edmund Clarence Stedman.



Erie, the Lake, N. Y.

LAKE ERIE.

THESE lovely shores ! how lone and still,
A hundred years ago,
The unbroken forest stood above,
The waters dashed below, —
The waters of a lonely sea,
Where never sail was furled,
Embosomed in a wilderness,
Which was itself a world.

A hundred years ! go back, and lo !
Where, closing in the view,
Juts out the shore, with rapid oar
Darts round a frail canoe, —
'T is a white voyager, and see,
His prow is westward set
O'er the calm wave : Hail to thy bold,
World-seeking barque, Marquette !

The lonely bird, that picks his food
Where rise the waves and sink,
At their strange coming, with shrill scream,
Starts from the sandy brink ;
The fishhawk, hanging in mid sky,
Floats o'er on level wing,
And the savage from his covert looks,
With arrow on the string.

A hundred years are past and gone,
And all the rocky coast
Is turreted with shining towns,
An empire's noble boast ;
And the old wilderness is changed
To cultured vale and hill ;
And the circuit of its mountains
An empire's numbers fill !

Ephraim Peabody.

PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

BRIGHT was the morn, — the waveless bay
 Shone like a mirror to the sun ;
 Mid greenwood shades and meadows gay,
 The matin birds their lays begun :
 While swelling o'er the gloomy wood
 Was heard the faintly echoed roar, —
 The dashing of the foamy flood,
 That beat on Erie's distant shore.

The tawny wanderer of the wild
 Paddled his painted birch canoe,
 And, where the wave serenely smiled,
 Swift as the darting falcon, flew ;
 He rowed along that peaceful bay,
 And glanced its polished surface o'er,
 Listening the billow far away,
 That rolled on Erie's lonely shore.

What sounds awake my slumbering ear ?
 What echoes o'er the waters come ?
 It is the morning gun I hear,
 The rolling of the distant drum.
 Far o'er the bright illumined wave
 I mark the flash, — I hear the roar,
 That calls from sleep the slumbering brave,
 To fight on Erie's lonely shore.

See how the starry banner floats,
 And sparkles in the morning ray :

While sweetly swell the fife's gay notes
In echoes o'er the gleaming bay :
Flash follows flash, as through yon fleet
Columbia's cannons loudly roar,
And valiant tars the battle greet,
That storms on Erie's echoing shore.

O, who can tell what deeds were done,
When Britain's cross, on yonder wave,
Sunk 'neath Columbia's dazzling sun,
And met in Erie's flood its grave ?
Who tell the triumphs of that day,
When, smiling at the cannon's roar,
Our hero, mid the bloody fray,
Conquered on Erie's echoing shore ?

Though many a wounded bosom bleeds
For sire, for son, for lover dear,
Yet Sorrow smiles amid her weeds, —
Affliction dries her tender tear ;
Oh ! she exclaims, with glowing pride,
With ardent thoughts that wildly soar,
My sire, my son, my lover died,
Conquering on Erie's bloody shore !

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James Gates Percival.

Fire Island, N. Y.

ON THE DEATH OF M. D'OSSOLI AND HIS WIFE
MARGARET FULLER.

OVER his millions Death has lawful power,
But over thee, brave D'Ossoli ! none, none.
After a longer struggle, in a fight
Worthy of Italy to youth restored,
Thou, far from home, art sunk beneath the surge
Of the Atlantic ; on its shore ; in reach
Of help ; in trust of refuge ; sunk with all
Precious on earth to thee, — a child, a wife !
Proud as thou wert of her, America
Is prouder, showing to her sons how high
Swells woman's courage in a virtuous breast.
She would not leave behind her those she loved :
Such solitary safety might become
Others ; not her ; not her who stood beside
The pallet of the wounded, when the worst
Of France and Perfidy assailed the walls
Of unsuspecting Rome. Rest, glorious soul,
Renowned for strength of genius, Margaret !
Rest with the twain too dear ! My words are few,
And shortly none will hear my failing voice,
But the same language with more full appeal
Shall hail thee. Many are the sons of song
Whom thou hast heard upon thy native plains
Worthy to sing of thee : the hour is come ;
Take we our seats and let the dirge begin.

Walter Savage Landor.

Genesee, the River, N. Y.

MY OWN DARK GENESEE.

THEY told me southern land could boast
Charms richer than mine own :
Sun, moon, and stars of brighter glow,
And winds of gentler tone ;
And parting from each olden haunt,
Familiar rock and tree,
From that sweet vale I wandered far —
Washed by the Genesee.

I pined beneath a foreign sky,
Though birds, like harps in tune,
Lulled Winter on a couch of flowers
Clad in the garb of June.
In vain on reefs of coral broke
The glad waves of the sea ;
For, like thy voice they sounded not,
My own dark Genesee !

When Christmas came, though round me grew
The lemon-tree and lime,
And the warm sky above me threw
The blue of summer-time ;
I thought of my loved northern home,
And wished for wings to flee
Where frost-bound, between frozen banks,
Lay hushed the Genesee.

For the gray, mossed paternal roof
My throbbing bosom yearned,
And ere the flight of many moons
My steps I homeward turned ;
My heart, to joy a stranger long,
Was tuned to rapture's key,
When ear the murmur heard once more
Of my own Genesee.

Ambition from the scenes of youth
May others lure away
To chase the phantom of renown
Throughout their little day ;
I would not, for a palace proud
And slave of pliant knee,
Forsake a cabin in thy vale,
My own dark Genesee.

William Henry Cuyler Hosmer.



George (Horicon), the Lake, N. Y.

LAKE GEORGE.

HOW oft in visions of the night,
How oft in noonday dreaming,
I've seen, fair lake, thy forest wave, —
Have seen thy waters gleaming ;
Have heard the blowing of the winds
That sweep along thy highlands,

And the light laughter of the waves
That dance around thine islands.

It was a landscape of the mind,
With forms and hues ideal,
But still those hues and forms appeared
More lovely than aught real.
I feared to see the breathing scene,
And brooded o'er the vision,
Lest the hard touch of truth should mar
A picture so Elysian.

But now I break the cold distrust
Whose spells so long had bound me;
The shadows of the night are past, —
The morning shines around me.
And in the sober light of day,
I see, with eyes enchanted,
The glorious vision that so long
My day and night dreams haunted.

I see the green, translucent wave,
The purest of earth's fountains;
I see the many-winding shore, —
The double range of mountains:
One, neighbor to the flying clouds,
And crowned with leaf and blossom,
And one, more lovely, borne within
The lake's unruffled bosom.

O timid heart! with thy glad throbs
Some self-reproach is blended,

At the long years that died before
The sight of scene so splendid.
The mind has pictures of its own,
Fair trees and waters flowing —
But not a magic whole like this,
So living, breathing, glowing ;

Strength imaged in the wooded hills,
A grand, primeval nature,
And beauty mirrored in the lake,
A gentler, softer feature ;
A perfect union, — where no want
Upon the soul is pressing ;
Like manly power and female grace
Made one by bridal blessing.

Nor is the stately scene without
Its sweet, secluded treasures,
Where hearts that shun the crowd may find
Their own exclusive pleasures ;
Deep chasms of shade for pensive thought,
The hours to wear away in ;
And vaulted aisles of whispering pine,
For lovers' feet to stray in ;

Clear streams that from the uplands run,
A course of sunless shadow ;
Isles all unfurrowed by the plough,
And strips of fertile meadow ;
And rounded coves of silver sand,
Where moonlight plays and glances, —

A sheltered hall for elfin horns,
A floor for elfin dances.

No tame monotony is here,
But beauty ever changing;
With clouds, and shadows of the clouds,
And mists the hillsides ranging.
Where morning's gold, and noon's hot sun,
Their changing glories render;
Pour round the shores a varying light,
Now glowing and now tender.

But purer than the shifting gleams
By liberal sunshine given,
Is the deep spirit of that hour, —
An effluence breathed from Heaven;
When the unclouded, yellow moon
Hangs o'er the eastern ridges,
And the long shaft of trembling gold,
The trembling crystal bridges.

Farewell, sweet lake! brief were the hours
Along thy banks for straying;
But not farewell what memory takes, —
An image undecaying.
I hold secure beyond all change
One lovely recollection,
To cheer the hours of lonely toil,
And chase away dejection.

George Stillman Hillard.

HORICON.

IN the midst of the mountains all bosky and wooded,
Its bosom thick gemmed with the loveliest isles,
Its borders with vistas of Paradise studded, —

Looking up to the heaven sweet Horicon smiles.
Thick set are its haunts with old legend and story,
That, woven by genius, still cluster and blend;
But its beauty will cling, like a halo of glory,
When legend and record with ages shall end.

* * *

Far down in the waters the pebbles are gleaming, —
Far down in the clear waves that nothing can hide;
So, beauty of youth, comes the name you are dream-
ing, —

Too pure for concealment, too gentle for pride;
So smiles on your faces the sunshine of heaven, —
The blessing distilled in the gardens of air, —
A smile of contentment from Paradise given
That woman and lake have been fashioned so fair.

Pure Horicon! glassing the brows of the mountains,
As handmaid might bend to a conqueror's will! —
Although nurtured and swelled by the commonest foun-
tains,

Yet pure, and transparent, and beautiful still!
No wonder the men of the cross and the missal
Once named it "The Lake of the Sacrament" pure;
Or that far leagues away, from some holiest vessel,
Its drops on the forehead could comfort and cure.

On the fair silver lake drives the Indian no longer,
With the sweep of his paddle, the birchen canoe;
And the fortresses fall that made weakness the stronger,
And saved the white maid when the war-whistle blew.
But 't is well that the old and the savage are fated,
And that danger rolls back from the Edens of earth.
Our boats glide as well, with all loveliness freighted,
And the war-whoop we lose in the sallies of mirth.

Pure Horicon! lake of the cloud and the shadow!
Soft shimmer your moonlight and dimple your rain!
And the hearts far away — if by sea side or meadow —
Still think of your blue with a lingering pain!
Among the far islands that glitter in heaven, —
On the dim, undiscovered, and beautiful shore, —
Some glimpse of a lovelier sea may be given
To the eyes of the perfect, — but never before!

Henry Morford.

LAKE GEORGE.

A SUMMER shower had swept the woods;
But when, from all the scene,
Rolled off at length the thunder-floods,
And streamed the sunset sheen,
I came where my postilion raised
His horsewhip for a wand,
And said, "There's Horicon, good sir,
And here's the Bloody Pond!

"And don't you see yon low gray wall,
With grass and bushes grown?

Well, that's Fort George's palisade,
That many a storm has known:
But here's the Bloody Pond where lies
Full many a soldier tall;
The spring, they say, was never pure
Since that red burial."

'T was rare to see! That vale beneath;
That lake so calm and cool!
But mournful was each lily-wreath,
Upon the turbid pool:
And — "On, postilion, let us haste
To greener banks," I cried,
"O, stay me not where man has stained
With brother's blood the tide!"

An hour, — and though the Even-star
Was chasing down the sun,
My boat was on thine azure wave,
Sweet, holy Hobicon!
And woman's voice cheered on our bark,
With soft bewildering song,
While fireflies, darting through the dark,
Went lighting us along.

Anon, that bark was on the beach,
And soon I stood alone
Upon thy mouldering walls, Fort George,
So old and ivy-grown.
At once, old tales of massacre
Were crowding on my soul,

And ghosts of ancient sentinels
Paced up the rocky knoll.

The shadowy hour was dark enow
For fancy's wild campaign,
And moments were impassioned hours
Of battle and of pain :
Each brake and thistle seemed alive
With fearful shapes of fight,
And up the feathered scalp-locks rose
Of many a tawny sprite.

The Mohawk war-whoop howled agen ;
I heard St. Denys' charge,
And then the volleyed musketry
Of England and St. George.
The vale, the rocks, the cradling hills,
From echoing rank to rank,
Rung back the warlike rhetoric
Of Huron and of Frank.

"So, keep thy name, Lake George," said I,
"And bear to latest day,
The memory of our primal age,
And England's early sway ;
And when Columbia's flag shall here
Her starry glories toss,
Be witness how our fathers fought
Beneath St. George's cross."

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Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

Gettysburg, Pa.

THE HIVE AT GETTYSBURG.

IN the old Hebrew myth the lion's frame,
So terrible alive,
Bleached by the desert's sun and wind, became
The wandering wild bees' hive;
And he who, lone and naked-handed, tore
Those jaws of death apart,
In after time drew forth their honeyed store
To strengthen his strong heart.

Dead seemed the legend: but it only slept
To wake beneath our sky;
Just on the spot whence ravening Treason crept
Back to its lair to die,
Bleeding and torn from Freedom's mountain bounds,
A stained and shattered drum
Is now the hive where, on their flowery rounds,
The wild bees go and come.

Unchallenged by a ghostly sentinel,
They wander wide and far,
Along green hillsides, sown with shot and shell,
Through vales once choked with war.
The low reveille, of their battle-drum
Disturbs no morning prayer;
With deeper peace in summer noons their hum
Fills all the drowsy air.

And Samson's riddle is our own to-day,
Of sweetness from the strong,
Of union, peace, and freedom plucked away
From the rent jaws of wrong.
From Treason's death we draw a purer life,
As, from the beast he slew,
A sweetness sweeter for his bitter strife
The old-time athlete drew!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

AFTER the eyes that looked, the lips that spake
Here, from the shadows of impending death,
Those words of solemn breath,
What voice may fitly break
The silence, doubly hallowed, left by him?
We can but bow the head, with eyes grown dim,
And, as a Nation's litany, repeat
The phrase his martyrdom hath made complete,
Noble as then, but now more sadly sweet:
"Let us, the living, rather dedicate
Ourselves to the unfinished work, which they
Thus far advanced so nobly on its way,
And save the perilled state!
Let us, upon this field where they, the brave,
Their last full measure of devotion gave,
Highly resolve they have not died in vain!—
That, under God, the Nation's later birth
Of Freedom, and the people's gain

Of their own Sovereignty, shall never wane
And perish from the circle of the earth !”

From such a perfect text, shall Song aspire

To light her faded fire,

And into wandering music turn

Its virtue, simple, sorrowful, and stern?

His voice all elegies anticipated ;

For, whatsoe’er the strain,

We hear that one refrain :

“ We consecrate ourselves to them, the Consecrated ! ”

After the thunder-storm our heaven is blue :

Far off, along the borders of the sky,

In silver folds the clouds of battle lie,

With soft, consoling sunlight shining through ;

And round the sweeping circle of your hills

The crashing cannon-thrills

Have faded from the memory of the air ;

And Summer pours from unexhausted fountains

Her bliss on yonder mountains :

The camps are tenantless, the breastworks bare :

Earth keeps no stain where hero-blood was poured :

The hornets, humming on their wings of lead,

Have ceased to sting, their angry swarms are dead,

And, harmless in its scabbard, rusts the sword !

Oh, not till now, — Oh, now we dare, at last,

To give our heroes fitting consecration !

Not till the soreness of the strife is past,

And Peace hath comforted the weary Nation !

So long her sad, indignant spirit held

One keen regret, one throb of pain, unquelled ;

So long the land about her feet was waste,
 The ashes of the burning lay upon her,
 We stood beside their graves with brows abased,
 Waiting the purer mood to do them honor!

* * *

And yet, ye Dead! — and yet
 Our clouded natures cling to one regret:
 We are not all resigned
 To yield, with even mind,
 Our scarcely risen stars, that here untimely set.
 We needs must think of History that waits
 For lines that live but in their proud beginning, —
 Arrested promises and cheated fates, —
 Youth's boundless venture and its single winning!
 We see the ghosts of deeds they might have done,
 The phantom homes that beaconed their endeavor;
 The seeds of countless lives, in them begun,
 That might have multiplied for us forever!
 We grudge the better strain of men
 That proved itself, and was extinguished then, —
 The field, with strength and hope so thickly sown,
 Wherefrom no other harvest shall be mown:
 For all the land, within its clasping seas,
 Is poorer now in bravery and beauty,
 Such wealth of manly loves and energies
 Was given to teach us all the free man's sacred duty!

* * *

Bayard Taylor.

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? — No? Ah, well!
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:
He was the fellow who won renown, —
The only man who did n't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town,
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.
I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk, that fell in a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood!
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,

Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine, —
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folks say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heady fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass, —
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left — where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept —
Round shot ploughed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed?

He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron, — but his best ;
And buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons, — size of a dollar, —
With tails that the country-folk called “swaller.”
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the “quiltings” long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away ;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin, —
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in, —
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore ;
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy *répertoire* :
“How are you, White Hat!” “Put her through!”
“Your head ’s level,” and “Bully for you!”
Called him “Daddy,” — begged he’d disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes ;
And what was the value he set on those,
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off, —
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'T was but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked ;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand ;
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown ;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there ;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest :
How the rebels, beaten, and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge, and ran.
At which John Burns — a practical man —
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns ;
This is the moral the reader learns :
In fighting the battle, the question 's whether
You 'll show a hat that 's white, or a feather.

Bret Harte.

Hudson, the River, N. Y.

THE HUDSON.

THROUGH many a blooming wild and woodland
green

The Hudson's sleeping waters winding stray;
Now 'mongst the hills its silvery waves are seen,
Through arching willows now they steal away;
Now more majestic rolls the ample tide,
Tall waving elms its clovery borders shade,
And many a stately dome, in ancient pride
And hoary grandeur, there exalts its head.
There trace the marks of culture's sunburnt hand,
The honeyed buckwheat's clustering blossoms view, —
Dipping rich odors, mark the beard-grain bland,
The loaded orchard, and the flax-field blue;
The grassy hill, the quivering poplar grove,
The copse of hazel, and the tufted bank,
The long green valley where the white flocks rove,
The jutting rock, o'erhung with ivy dank;
The tall pines waving on the mountain's brow,
Whose lofty spires catch day's last lingering beam;
The bending willow weeping o'er the stream,
The brook's soft gurglings, and the garden's glow.

* * *

Margaretta V. Faugeres.

A SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON.

COOL shades and dews are round my way,
And silence of the early day;
Mid the dark rocks that watch his bed,
Glitters the mighty Hudson spread,
Unrippled, save by drops that fall
From shrubs that fringe his mountain wall;
And o'er the clear still water swells
The music of the Sabbath bells.

All, save this little nook of land,
Circled with trees, on which I stand;
All, save that line of hills which lie
Suspended in the mimic sky,—
Seems a blue void, above, below,
Through which the white clouds come and go;
And from the green world's farthest steep
I gaze into the airy deep.

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth, that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
Even love, long tried and cherished long,
Becomes more tender and more strong,
At thought of that insatiate grave
From which its yearnings cannot save.

River! in this still hour thou hast
Too much of heaven on earth to last;

Nor long may thy still waters lie,
An image of the glorious sky.
Thy fate and mine are not repose,
And ere another evening close,
Thou to thy tides shalt turn again,
And I to seek the crowd of men.

William Cullen Bryant.



THE HUDSON.

T WAS a vision of childhood that came with its dawn,
Ere the curtain that covered life's day-star was
drawn;
The nurse told the tale when the shadows grew long,
And the mother's soft lullaby breathed it in song:

"There flows a fair stream by the hills of the west,"—
She sang to her boy as he lay on her breast;
"Along its smooth margin thy fathers have played;
Beside its deep waters their ashes are laid."

I wandered afar from the land of my birth,
I saw the old rivers, renowned upon earth,
But fancy still painted that wide-flowing stream
With the many-hued pencil of infancy's dream.

I saw the green banks of the castle-crowned Rhine,
Where the grapes drink the moonlight and change it
to wine;
I stood by the Avon, whose waves as they glide
Still whisper his glory who sleeps at their side.

But my heart would still yearn for the sound of the
waves

That sing as they flow by my forefathers' graves;
If manhood yet honors my cheek with a tear,
I care not who sees it, — no blush for it here!

Farewell to the deep-bosomed stream of the West!
I fling this loose blossom to float on its breast;
Nor let the dear love of its children grow cold,
Till the channel is dry where its waters have rolled!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE HUDSON.

'T IS the middle watch of a summer's night:
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cronest:
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark, —
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eel-like spiral line below ;
The winds are whist and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And naught is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katydid ;
And the plaint of the wailing whippoorwill,
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

Joseph Rodman Drake.

THE WRECK OF THE ANCIENT COASTER.

HER side is in the water,
Her keel is in the sand,
And her bowsprit rests on the low gray rock
That bounds the sea and land.
Her deck is without a mast,
And sand and shells are there,
And the teeth of decay are gnawing her planks,
In the sun and the sultry air.
No more on the river's bosom,
When sky and wave are calm,
And the clouds are in summer quietness,
And the cool night-breath is balm,

Will she glide in the swan-like stillness
Of the moon in the blue above,
A messenger from other lands,
A beacon to hope and love.

No more, in the midnight tempest,
Will she mock the mounting sea,
Strong in her oaken timbers,
And her white sail's bravery.

She hath borne, in days departed,
Warm hearts upon her deck ;
Those hearts, like her, are mouldering now,
The victims, and the wreck

Of time, whose touch erases
Each vestige of all we love ;
The wanderers, home returning,
Who gazed that deck above,

And they who stood to welcome
Their loved ones on that shore,
Are gone, and the place that knew them
Shall know them nevermore.

* * *

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

THE GATES OF THE HUDSON.

SO bright the day, so clear the sky,
So grand the scene before me,
My meaner life my soul puts by,
And a better mood comes o'er me.

From under trees whose rustling leaves
Wear all their autumn glory,
I watch the brown fields far below,
And the headlands, gray and hoary.

I see the beetling Palisades,
Whose wrinkled brows forever,
In calms and storms, in lights and shades,
Keep watch along the river.

Such watch, of old, the Magi kept
Along the sad Euphrates : —
Our eyeless ones have never slept,
And this their solemn fate is :

God built these hills in barrier long,
And then he opened through them
These gates of granite, barred so strong
He only might undo them ;

Through them he lets the Hudson flow
For slowly counted ages,
The while the nations fade and grow
Around the granite ledges.

He bids these warders watch and wait,
Their vigil ne'er forsaking,
Forever standing by the gate,
Not moving and not speaking.

So, all earth's day, till night shall fall,
When God shall send his orders,
And summon at one trumpet-call
The grim and patient warders.

The guards shall bow, the gates shall close
Upon the obedient river,
And then no more the Hudson flows,
Forever and forever.

William Osborn Stoddard.

TO THE HUDSON.

O RIVER! gently as a wayward child
I saw thee mid the moonlight hills at rest;
Capricious thing, with thine own beauty wild,
How didst thou still the throbbings of thy breast!
Rude headlands were about thee, stooping round,
As if amid the hills to hold thy stay;
But thou didst hear the far-off ocean sound
Inviting thee from hill and vale away,
To mingle thy deep waters with its own;
And, at that voice, thy steps did onward glide,
Onward from echoing hill and valley lone.
Like thine, oh, be my course, — nor turned aside,
While listening to the soundings of a land,
That like the ocean call invites me to its strand.

Elizabeth Oakes-Smith.

HUDSON RIVER.

RIVERS that roll most musical in song
Are often lovely to the mind alone;
The wanderer muses, as he moves along
Their barren banks, on glories not their own.

When, to give substance to his boyish dreams,
He leaves his own, far countries to survey,
Oft must he think, in greeting foreign streams,
"Their names alone are beautiful, not they."

If chance he mark the dwindled Arno pour
A tide more meagre than his native Charles;
Or views the Rhone when summer's heat is o'er,
Subdued and stagnant in the fen of Arles;

Or when he sees the slimy Tiber fling
His sullen tribute at the feet of Rome,
Oft to his thought must partial memory bring
More noble waves, without renown, at home;

Now let him climb the Catskill, to behold
The lordly Hudson, marching to the main,
And say what bard, in any land of old,
Had such a river to inspire his strain.

Along the Rhine gray battlements and towers
Declare what robbers once the realm possessed;
But here Heaven's handiwork surpasseth ours,
And man has hardly more than built his nest.

No storied castle overawes these heights,
Nor antique arches check the current's play,
Nor mouldering architrave the mind invites
To dream of deities long passed away.

No Gothic buttress, or decaying shaft
Of marble, yellowed by a thousand years,

Lifts a great landmark to the little craft, —
A summer cloud ! that comes and disappears.

But cliffs, unaltered from their primal form
Since the subsiding of the deluge, rise
And hold their savins to the upper storm,
While far below the skiff securely plies.

Farms, rich not more in meadows than in men
Of Saxon mould, and strong for every toil,
Spread o'er the plain, or scatter through the glen,
Bœotian plenty on a Spartan soil.

Then, where the reign of cultivation ends,
Again the charming wilderness begins ;
From steep to steep one solemn wood extends,
Till some new hamlet's rise the bosage thins.

And these deep groves forever have remained
Touched by no axe, — by no proud owner nursed :
As now they stand they stood when Pharaoh reigned,
Lineal descendants of creation's first.

* * *

No tales, we know, are chronicled of thee
In ancient scrolls ; no deeds of doubtful claim
Have hung a history on every tree,
And given each rock its fable and a fame.

But neither here hath any conqueror trod,
Nor grim invaders from barbarian climes ;
No horrors feigned of giant or of god
Pollute thy stillness with recorded crimes.

Here never yet have happy fields laid waste,
The ravished harvest and the blasted fruit,
The cottage ruined, and the shrine defaced,
Tracked the foul passage of the feudal brute.

“Yet, O Antiquity!” the stranger sighs,
“Scenes wanting thee soon pall upon the view;
The soul’s indifference dulls the sated eyes,
Where all is fair indeed, — but all is new.”

False thought! is age to crumbling walls confined?
To Grecian fragments and Egyptian bones?
Hath Time no monuments to raise the mind,
More than old fortresses and sculptured stones?

Call not this new which is the only land
That wears unchanged the same primeval face
Which, when just dawning from its Maker’s hand,
Gladdened the first great grandsire of our race.

Nor did Euphrates with an earlier birth
Glide past green Eden towards the unknown south,
Than Hudson broke upon the infant earth,
And kissed the ocean with his nameless mouth.

Twin-born with Jordan, Ganges, and the Nile!
Thebes and the pyramids to thee are young;
O, had thy waters burst from Britain’s isle,
Till now perchance they had not flowed unsung.

Thomas William Parsons.

THE INDIAN MOUND.

THE Mound now towers
Close to my step. The grouped sheep scamper wide,
Turn their smooth, pointed faces, gaze and bleat,
Then scamper as before.

The crest I win.

A hazed horizon of aerial tints,
Melting the mountains to a tender dream,
Tinging the nearer hills, and quivering round
The neighboring roofs in hues that scarce are hues,
But delicate shadows, fleeting breaths of hues,
Semi-transparent veils of shimmering light.
At length the landscape struggles clearer out;
Mountains and woodlands outlined dim, with curves
Of filmy hills and streaks of gauzy green.
The lowering eye then lights upon the domes
And steeples of the city; then the broad
Transparent river. Thence dark crossing lines
Of fences, nestling homesteads, scattered trees,
Red buckwheat stubbles, withered stacks of corn,
And fading fields, come stretching to the Mound.
I hear Æolian tones: the rapid bark,
The mellowed low, the pleasant bleat, the hum
Of toil, the shout, the whistle, and the song,
Keen clink of scythe, and now and then the smite
Of hoof upon the road, the whirl of wheels
On the smooth track, and then the rumble brief
Over the bridge. The heaped hay-wagon jerks
Across the mounded field, its hillock brown

Holding the harvesters, with pitchforks struck
Within the odorous mass. White cattle gleam
From apple-shades, the red kine mingling in
So as scarce rounding forth. The unkempt colt
Perks his observant ear, and glares as goes
The tottering wagon with the welcome hay
Through the barn's weedy lane.

A sketch of smoke
Catches my eye; the narrow steamboat glides
Along the mirrored river; to the shore
Dances the swell. The tall and tapering sloop,
Lazily next, with her great mainsail spread
To catch the air, moves past; then darts a skiff
With glittering oars.

While drinking in the scene,
My mind goes back upon the tide of years,
And lo, a vision! On its upward path
The Half-Moon glides. The crowded forests lean
Their foliage in the waters, and expand
One sea of leaves all round me. On the deck
Stands the bold Hudson, gazing at the sights
Opening successive, — point and rock and hill,
Majestic mountain-top, and nestling vale.
As the white sail glints sudden to the sun,
Off swings the eagle from the neighboring pine;
And as the long boom brushes by the briuk,
The brown bear jolts away within the bush,
The drinking deer winks from the sandy point,
And breath-like from the ledge the panther melts.
As up some reach the vessel moves, within
The archway of a creek the bark canoe

Darts arrow-like ; as turns the prow in-shore
The Indian hunter with recoiling form
Stands grasping idly his forgotten bow ;
And as the yacht around some headland breaks,
Amid the rounded wigwams on the bank
Leap startled movements of tumultuous life,
Pointing with eager haste, and gazing wild.
Still on the Half-Moon glides ; before her rise
Swarms of quick water-fowl, and from her prow
The sturgeon leaps, and falls with echoing splash.
Between the frequent islets brimmed with leaves
The sheldrake, in his green and silver, shoots,
And antlers stem the gloss. But now the sun
Slants low, and by an island of the stream
The anchor plunges, and the Half-Moon sits
Still as a sleeping duck. I start, and wake.
The busy river-scene again extends
In the soft sundown glow. The grouping herds
Through the sleek fields of golden velvet graze
Slow toward the farm-yard ; softened rural sounds —
The wheezing bellow, the quick, peevish bleat,
And the clear, jerking crow — fall on my ear ;
And, with quick footsteps through the amber scene,
Past maple-nestling homesteads, where the steeds
Unloosed are led to water ; where the kine,
Patient, await within the lane, the pail ;
And where the mouse-like wren creeps in and out
Its little cottage fastened to the tree,
To give one chatter more ; past laboring groups
Loitering along with instruments of toil,
Past farmers' wagons clattering toward their homes

From city barterings, — contrast strong to when,
A century since, one forest clothed the whole,
One silent solitude, — the river's bank
I reach, where, in the hush, the rowlock sounds
Loud, and the tiller of the crawling sloop
Creaks louder; thence, swift wafted o'er the tide,
I gain the peopled streets that hold my home;
Dwelling upon the everlasting stream
Of change and progress coursing through the world.

Alfred Billings Street.

HYMN TO THE HUDSON RIVER.

LOSE not a memory of the glorious scenes,
Mountains, and palisades, and leaning rocks,
Steep white-walled towns and ships that lie beneath,
By which, like some serene, heroic soul
Revolving noble thoughts, thou calmly cam'st,
O mighty river of the North! Thy lip
Meets Ocean here, and in deep joy he lifts
His great white brow, and gives his stormy voice
A milder tone, and murmurs pleasantly
To every shore, and bids the insolent blast
To touch thee very gently; for thy banks
Held empires broad and populous as the leaves
That rustle o'er their grave, — republics gone
Long, long ago, before the pale men came,
Like clouds into the dim and dusty past:
But there is dearer reason; for the rills
That feed thee, rise among the storied rocks
Where Freedom built her battle-tower; and blow

Their flutes of silver by the poor man's door ;
And innocent childhood in the ripple dips
Its rosy feet ; and from the round blue sky
That circles all, smiles out a certain Godhead.

O lordly river ! thou shalt henceforth be
A wanderer of the deep ; and thou shalt hear
The sad, wild voices of the solemn North
Utter uncertain words in cloudy rhythm,
But full of terrible meaning, to the wave
That moans by Labrador ; and thou shalt pause
To pay thy worship in the coral temples,
The ancient Meccas of the reverent sea ;
And thou shalt start again on thy blue path
To kiss the southern isles ; and thou shalt know
What beauty thrones the blue Symplegades,
What glory the long Dardanelles ; and France
Shall listen to thy calm, deep voice, and learn
That Freedom must be calm if she would fix
Her mountain moveless in a heaving world ;
And Greece shall hear thee chant by Marathon,
And Italy shall feel thy breathing on her shores,
Where Liberty once more takes up her lance ;
And when thou hurriest back, full of high themes,
Great Albion shall joy through every cliff,
And lordly hall, and peasant-home, and old
Cathedral where earth's emperors sleep, — whose crowns
Were laurel and whose sceptres pen and harp, —
The mother of our race shall joy to hear
Thy low, sweet murmuring : her sonorous tongue
Is thine, her glory thine ; for thou dost bear

On thy rejoicing tide, rejoicing at the task,
The manly Saxon sprung from her own loins
In far America.

Roll on ! roll on,
Thou river of the North ! Tell thou to all
The isles, tell thou to all the continents
The grandeur of my land. Speak of its vales
Where Independence wears a pastoral wreath
Amid the holy quiet of his flock ;
And of its mountains with their cloudy beards
Tossed by the breath of centuries ; and speak
Of its tall cataracts that roll their bass
Among the choral of its midnight storms,
And of its rivers lingering through the plains,
So long, that they seem made to measure Time ;
And of its lakes that mock the haughty sea ;
And of its caves where banished gods might find
Night large enough to hide their crownless heads ;
And of its sunsets, glorious and broad
Above the prairies spread like oceans on
And on, and on over the far dim leagues,
Till vision shudders o'er immensity.
Roll on ! roll on, thou river of the North !
Bear on thy wave the music of the crash
That tells a forest's fall, wide woods that hold
Beneath their cloistered bark a registry
Where Time may almost find how old he is.
Keep in thy memory the frequent homes,
That from the ruin rise, the triumphs these
Of real kings whose conquering march shines up
Into the wondering Oregon.

*

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*

William Wallace.

Lehigh, the River, Pa.

THE LEHIGH.

AND this is Lehigh. Once again
A My wearied feet are taking
The well-known path along thy brink,
And memory is waking, —
Sad harp of mine, awake, awake,
And sing the pensive story,
That sighs and murmurs through my head
Beneath this forest hoary.

Oh! thou bright river, dost thou know
The pilgrim late returning
To view once more the autumn fires
Along thy valley burning?
To view her father's heritage,
That father lowly sleeping,
Far from the green and lonely grave
In the old hemlock's keeping.

Thy mountain still is standing firm,
Its shadows o'er thee bending,
Its lofty pines, its laurel blooms,
Their sweet enchantment lending.
Along thy banks the wandering vine,
Its purple fruit untasted,
Still casts upon thy careless tide
Its clustered treasures, wasted.

And still the timid deer come down
To drink, at eve and morning;
And still the laurel blooms as bright
As in my life's glad dawning.
Thy gray rocks seem no older grown,
Thy beauties fresh and tender
As when we came, a frolic band,
Our childhood's praise to render.

For Lehigh was our joy and pride,
Our glad, beloved river;
And all around was charmed ground,
Our home! delightful ever.
Our nightingale the whippoorwill,
The water-elves our cronies,
Their camp-fire smoke of mist we knew;
Our game the trout and conies.

Lehigh, I dream that in thy voice
I catch a tone of gladness,
That yearning love is in thy touch,
That thou wouldst soothe my sadness.
Only in dreams for thirty years
Have I beheld thee flowing, —
Whither away so fast, dear stream?
Why dost thou moan in going?

I see the unforgotten grave!
Moan on, O faithful river!
Where all the lights of home went out,
To shine no more forever.
But stay, and tell me where are they

That, in the years long vanished,
Beside thy waters played with me, —
Hast thou their memory banished?

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Augusta Moore.



Mahopac, the Lake, N. Y.

LAKE MAHOPAC.

LAKE of the soft and sunny hills,
What loveliness is thine!
Around thy fair, romantic shore
What countless beauties shine!
Shrined in their deep and hollow urn,
Thy silver waters lie, —
A mirror set in waving gems
Of many a regal dye.

Like angel faces in a dream,
Bright isles upon thy breast,
Veiled in soft robes of hazy light,
In such sweet silence rest,
The rustle of a bird's light wing,
The shiver of the trees,
The chime of waves, are all the sounds
That freight the summer breeze.

Oh, beautiful it is along
Thy silver wave to glide,

And watch the ripples as they kiss
Our tiny vessel's side;
While ever round the dipping oar
White curls the feathery spray,
Or from its bright suspended point
Drips tinklingly away.

And pleasant to the heart it is
In those fair isles to stray,
Or Fancy's idle visions weave
Through all the golden day,
Where dark old trees, around whose stems
Caressing woodbines cling,
O'er mossy, flower-enamelled banks,
Their trembling shadows fling.

Oh, he who in his daily paths
A weary spirit bears,
Here in these peaceful solitudes
May he lay down his cares:
No echo from the restless world
Shall his repose invade,
Where the spectres of the haunted heart
By Nature's self are laid.

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Caroline M. Sawyer.

Mohawk, the River, N. Y.

THE CATARACT OF THE MOHAWK.

YE black rocks, huddled like a fallen wall,
Ponderous and steep,
Where silver currents downward coil and fall,
And rank weeds weep!—
Thou broad and shallow bed, whose sullen floods,
Show barren islets of red stones and sand,—
Shrunk is thy might beneath a fatal Hand,
That will erase all memories from the woods.

No more with war-paint, shells, and feathers grim,
The Indian chief
Casts his long, frightful shade from bank or brim.
A blighted leaf
Floats by,—the emblem of his history!
For though when rains are strong, the cataract
Again rolls on, its currents soon contract,
Or serve for neighboring mill and factory.

A cloud—of dragon's blood in hue—hangs blent
With streaks and veins
Of gall-stone yellow, and of orpiment,
O'er thy remains.
Never again, with grandeur, in the beam
Of sunrise, or of noon, or changeful night,
Shalt thou in thunder chant thine old birthright:
Fallen Mohawk! pass to thy stormy dream!

Richard Hengist Horne.

FALLS OF THE MOHAWK.

FROM rise of morn till set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run;
And as I marked the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass;
And as I viewed the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untired and wild,
Through shades that frowned and flowers that smiled,
Flying by every green recess
That wooed him to its calm caress,
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind,
Oft have I thought, and thinking sighed,
How like to thee, thou restless tide,
May be the lot, the life of him
Who roams along thy water's brim;
Through what alternate wastes of woe
And flowers of joy my path may go;
How many a sheltered, calm retreat
May woo the while my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest;
But, urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destined falls,
I feel the world's bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course

From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the spent current cease to run.

One only prayer I dare to make,
As onward thus my course I take,—
Oh, be my falls as bright as thine!
May heaven's relenting rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft as now it hangs o'er thee!

Thomas Moore.



Mongaup, the River, N. Y.

THE FALLS OF THE MONGAUP.

STRUGGLING along the mountain path,
We hear, amid the gloom,
Like a roused giant's voice of wrath,
A deep-toned, sullen boom :
Emerging on the platform high,
Burst sudden to the startled eye
Rocks, woods, and waters, wild and rude,—
A scene of savage solitude.

Swift as an arrow from the bow,
Headlong the torrent leaps,
Then tumbling round, in dazzling snow
And dizzy whirls it sweeps ;
Then, shooting through the narrow aisle
Of this sublime cathedral pile,



Amid its vastness, dark and grim,
It peals its everlasting hymn.

Pyramid on pyramid of rock
 Tower upward wild and riven,
As piled by Titan hands to mock
 The distant smiling heaven.
And where its blue streak is displayed,
Branches their emerald network braid
So high, the eagle in his flight
Seems but a dot upon the sight.

Here columned hemlocks point in air
 Their cone-like fringes green ;
Their trunks hang knotted, black, and bare,
 Like spectres o'er the scene ;
Here, lofty crag and deep abyss,
And awe-inspiring precipice ;
There, grottos bright in wave-worn gloss,
And carpeted with velvet moss.

No wandering ray e'er kissed with light
 This rock-walled sable pool,
Spangled with foam-gems thick and white,
 And slumbering deep and cool ;
But where yon cataract roars down,
Set by the sun, a rainbow crown
Is dancing o'er the dashing strife, —
Hope glittering o'er the storm of life.

Beyond, the smooth and mirrored sheet
 So gently steals along,

The very ripples, murmuring sweet,
Scarce drown the wild bee's song;
The violet from the grassy side
Dips its blue chalice in the tide;
And, gliding o'er the leafy brink,
The deer, unfrightened, stoops to drink.

Myriads of man's time-measured race
Have vanished from the earth,
Nor left a memory of their trace,
Since first this scene had birth;
These waters, thundering now along,
Joined in Creation's matin-song;
And only by their dial-trees
Have known the lapse of centuries!

Alfred Billings Street.

Monmouth, N. J.

THE SPUR OF MONMOUTH.

'T WAS a little brass half-circlet,
Deep gnawed by rust and stain,
That the farmer's urchin brought me,
Ploughed up in old Monmouth's plain;
On that spot where the hot June sunshine
Once a fire more deadly knew,
And a bloodier color reddened
Where the red June roses blew; —

Where the moon of the early harvest
Looked down through the shimmering leaves,
And saw where the reaper of battle
Had gathered his human sheaves :
Old Monmouth, so touched with glory,
So tinted with burning shame,
As Washington's pride we remember,
Or Lee's long-tarnished name.

'T was a little brass half-circlet ;
And knocking the rust away,
And clearing the ends and the middle
From their burial-shroud of clay,
I saw, through the damp of ages,
And the thick, disfiguring grime,
The buckle-heads and the rowel
Of a spur of the olden time.

And I said, "What gallant horseman,
Who revels and rides no more,
Perhaps twenty years back, or fifty,
On his heel that weapon wore ?
Was he riding away to his bridal,
When the leather snapped in twain ?
Was he thrown, and dragged by the stirrup,
With the rough stones crushing his brain ?"

Then I thought of the Revolution,
Whose tide still onward rolls ;
Of the free and the fearless riders,
Of the "times that tried men's souls."

What if, in the day of battle
That raged and rioted here,
It had dropped from the foot of a soldier,
As he rode in his mad career?

What if it had ridden with Forman,
When he leaped through the open door,
With the British dragoon behind him,
In his race o'er the granary-floor?
What if—but the brain grows dizzy
With the thoughts of the rusted spur—
What if it had fled with Clinton,
Or charged with Aaron Burr?

But bravely the farmer's urchin
Had been scraping the rust away;
And, cleaned from the soil that swathed it,
The spur before me lay.
Here are holes in the outer circle;
No common heel it has known,
For each space, I see by the setting,
Once held some precious stone.

And here, not far from the buckle—
Do my eyes deceive their sight?—
Two letters are here engraven,
That initial a hero's might!—
“G. W.!” Saints of heaven!—
Can such things in our lives occur?
Do I grasp such a priceless treasure?
Was this George Washington's spur?

Did the brave old Pater Patriæ
Wear that spur, like a belted knight, —
Wear it, through gain and disaster,
From Cambridge to Monmouth fight?
Did it press his steed in hot anger
On Long Island's day of pain?
Did it drive him at terrible Princeton
'Tween two streams of leaden rain?

And here did the buckles loosen,
And no eye look down to see,
When he rode to blast with the lightning
The defiant eyes of Lee?
Did it fall, unfelt and unheeded,
When that fight of despair was won,
And Clinton, worn and discouraged,
Crept away at the set of the sun?

The lips have long been silent
That could send an answer back;
And the spur, all broken and rusted,
Has it forgotten its rider's track?
I only know that the pulses
Leap hot, and the senses reel,
When I think that the Spur of Monmouth
May have clasped George Washington's heel!

Henry Morford.

MOLLY MAGUIRE AT MONMOUTH.

ON the bloody field of Monmouth
Flashed the guns of Greene and Wayne,
Fiercely roared the tide of battle,
Thick the sward was heaped with slain.
Foremost, facing death and danger,
Hessian, horse, and grenadier,
In the vanguard, fiercely fighting,
Stood an Irish Cannonier.

Loudly roared his iron cannon,
Mingling ever in the strife,
And beside him, firm and daring,
Stood his faithful Irish wife.
Of her bold contempt of danger
Greene and Lee's Brigades could tell,
Every one knew "Captain Molly,"
And the army loved her well.

Surged the roar of battle round them,
Swiftly flew the iron hail,
Forward dashed a thousand bayonets,
That lone battery to assail.
From the foeman's foremost columns
Swept a furious fusillade,
Mowing down the massed battalions
In the ranks of Greene's Brigade.

Fast and faster worked the gunner,
Soiled with powder, blood, and dust,

English bayonets shone before him,
 Shot and shell around him burst;
 Still he fought with reckless daring,
 Stood and manned her long and well,
 Till at last the gallant fellow
 Dead — beside his cannon fell.

With a bitter cry of sorrow,
 And a dark and angry frown,
 Looked that band of gallant patriots
 At their gunner stricken down.
 "Fall back, comrades, it is folly
 Thus to strive against the foe."
 "No! not so," cried Irish Molly,
 "We can strike another blow."

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Quickly leaped she to the cannon,
 In her fallen husband's place,
 Spunged and rammed it fast and steady,
 Fired it in the foeman's face.
 Flashed another ringing volley,
 Roared another from the gun;
 "Boys, hurrah!" cried gallant Molly,
 "For the flag of Washington."

Greene's Brigade, though torn and shattered,
 Slain and bleeding half their men,
 When they heard that Irish slogan,
 Turned and charged the foe again.
 Knox and Wayne and Morgan rally,
 To the front they forward wheel,

And before their rushing onset
Clinton's English columns reel.

Still the cannon's voice in anger
Rolled and rattled o'er the plain,
Till there lay in swarms around it
Mangled heaps of Hessian slain.
"Forward! charge them with the bayonet!"
'T was the voice of Washington,
And there burst a fiery greeting
From the Irish woman's gun.

Monckton falls; against his column
Leap the troops of Mayne and Lee,
And before their reeking bayonets
Clinton's red battalions flee.
Morgan's rifles, fiercely flashing,
Thin the foe's retreating ranks,
And behind them onward dashing
Ogden hovers on their flanks.

Fast they fly, these boasting Britons,
Who in all their glory came,
With their brutal Hessian hirelings
To wipe out our country's name.
Proudly floats the starry banner,
Monmouth's glorious field is won,
And in triumph Irish Molly
Stands beside her smoking gun.

William Collins.

MONMOUTH.

LADIES, in silks and laces,
Lunching with lips agleam,
Know you aught of the places
Yielding such fruit and cream?

South from your harbor-islands
Glisten the Monmouth hills;
There are the ocean highlands,
Lowland meadows and rills,

Berries in field and garden,
Trees with their fruitage low,
Maidens (asking your pardon)
Handsome as cities show.

Know you that, night and morning,
A beautiful water-fay,
Covered with strange adorning,
Crosses your rippling bay?

Her sides are white and sparkling;
She whistles to the shore;
Behind, her hair is darkling,
And the waters part before.

Lightly the waves she measures
Up to the wharves of the town;
There, unlading her treasures,
Lovingly puts them down.

Come with me, ladies; cluster
Here on the western pier;
Look at her jewels' lustre,
Changed with the changing year!

First of the months to woo her,
June his strawberries flings
Over her garniture,
Bringing her exquisite things;


Rifling his richest casket;
Handing her, everywhere,
Garnets in crate and basket;
Knowing she soon will wear

Blackberry jet and lava,
Raspberries ruby-red,
Trinkets that August gave her,
Over her toilet spread.

After such gifts have faded,
Then the peaches are seen, —
Coral and ivory braided,
Fit for an Indian queen.

And September will send her,
Proud of his wealth, and bold,
Melons glowing in splendor,
Emeralds set with gold.

So she glides to the Narrows,
Where the forts are astir:
Her speed is a shining arrow's!
Guns are silent for her.



So she glides to the ringing
Bells of the belfried town,
Kissing the wharves, and flinging
All of her jewels down.

Whence she gathers her riches,
Ladies, now would you see?
Leaving your city niches,
Wander awhile with me.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.



Neversink, N. J.

NEVERSINK.

THESE hills, the pride of all the coast,
To mighty distance seen,
With aspect bold and rugged brow,
That shade the neighboring main;
These heights, for solitude designed,
This rude, resounding shore,
These vales impervious to the wind,
Tall oaks, that to the tempest bend,
Half Druid, I adore.

From distant lands a thousand sails
Your hazy sunmits greet, —
You saw the angry Briton come,
You saw him, last, retreat!
With towering crest, you first appear
The news of land to tell;

To him that comes, fresh joys impart,
To him that goes, a heavy heart,
The lover's long farewell.

'Tis yours to see the sailor bold,
Of persevering mind,
To see him rove in search of care,
And leave true bliss behind;
To see him spread his flowing sails
To trace a tiresome road,
By wintry seas and tempests chased,
To see him o'er the ocean haste,
A comfortless abode!

Your thousand springs of waters blue
What luxury to sip,
As from the mountain's breast they flow
To moisten Flora's lip!
In vast retirements herd the deer,
Where forests round them rise,
Dark groves, their tops in ether lost,
That, haunted still by Huddy's ghost,
The trembling rustic flies.

Proud heights! with pain so often seen
(With joy beheld once more),
On your firm base I take my stand,
Tenacious of the shore:
Let those who pant for wealth or fame
Pursue the watery road;
Soft sleep and ease, blest days and nights,
And health, attend these favorite heights,
Retirement's blest abode!

Philip Freneau.

Newark, N. J.

THE DISTANT MART.

THE day is shut ; — November's night,
On Newark's long and rolling height
Falls suddenly and soon ; —
At once the myriad stars disclose ;
And in the east a glory glows
Like that the red horizon shows
Above the moon.

But on the western mountain tops
The moon, in new-born beauty, drops
Her pale and slender ring ;
Still, like a phantom rising red
O'er haunted valleys of the dead,
I see the distant east dispread
Its fiery wing.

I know by thoughts, which, like the skies,
Grow darker as they slowly rise
Above my burning heart,
It is the light the peasant views,
Through nightly falling frost and dews,
While Fancy paints in brighter hues
The distant mart.

Through shadowy hills and meadows brown
The calm Passaic reaches down
Where the broad waters lie ; —


From hillside homes what visions teem!
The fruitless hope, ambitious dream,
Go freighted downward with the stream,
And yonder die!

And youths and maids with strange desires
O'er quiet homes and village spires
Behold the radiance grow;
They see the lighted casements fine,
The crowded halls of splendor shine,
The gleaming jewels and the wine,
But not the woe!

Take from yon flaunting flame the ray
Which glows on heads untimely gray,
On blasted heart and brain, —
From rooms of death the watcher's lamp,
From homes of toil, from hovels damp,
And dens where Shame and Crime encamp
With Want and Pain: —

From vain bazaars and gilded halls,
Where every misnamed pleasure palls,
Remove the chandeliers;
Then mark the scanty, scattered rays,
And think amid that dwindled blaze
How few shall walk their happy ways
And shed no tears!

But now, when fade the fevered gleams,
Some trouble melts away to dreams,
Some pain to sweet repose; —



And as the midnight shadows sweep,
Life's noisy torrent drops to sleep,
Its unseen current dark and deep
In silence flows.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

New York, the City, N. Y.

NIEUW AMSTERDAM.

WHERE nowadays the Battery lies,
New York had just begun,
A new-born babe, to rub its eyes,
In Sixteen Sixty-One.
They christened it Nieuw Amsterdam,
Those burghers grave and stately,
And so, with schnapps and smoke and psalm,
Lived out their lives sedately.

Two windmills topped their wooden wall,
On Stadthuys gazing down,
On fort, and cabbage-plots, and all
The quaintly gabled town;
These flapped their wings and shifted backs,
As ancient scrolls determine,
To scare the savage Hackensacks,
Paumanks, and other vermin.

At night the loyal settlers lay
Betwixt their feather-beds;

In hose and breeches walked by day,
And smoked, and wagged their heads.
No changeful fashions came from France,
The vrouwleins to bewilder;
No broad-brimmed burgher spent for pants
His every other guilder.

In petticoats of linsey-red,
And jackets neatly kept,
The vrouws their knitting-needles sped
And deftly spun and swept.
Few modern-school flirtations there
Set wheels of scandal trundling,
But youths and maidens did their share
Of staid, old-fashioned bundling.

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Edmund Clarence Stedman.

NEW YORK HARBOR ON A CALM DAY.

IS this a painting? Are those pictured clouds
Which on the sky so movelessly repose?
Has some rare artist fashioned forth the shrouds
Of yonder vessel? Are these imaged shows
Of outline, figure, form, or is there life —
Life with a thousand pulses — in the scene
We gaze upon? Those towering banks between,
E'er tossed these billows in tumultuous strife?
Billows! there's not a wave! the waters spread
One broad, unbroken mirror; all around

Is hushed to silence, — silence so profound,
That a bird's carol, or an arrow sped
Into the distance, would, like larum bell,
Jar the deep stillness and dissolve the spell.

Park Benjamin.

HYMN OF THE CITY.

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the present Deity;
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty! — here, amidst the crowd,
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud, —
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner homes;
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound, —

Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng, —
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast, —
The quiet of that moment too is thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

William Cullen Bryant.

SPRING IN TOWN.

THE country ever has a lagging Spring,
Waiting for May to call its violets forth,
And June its roses, — showers and sunshine bring,
Slowly, the deepening verdure o'er the earth;
To put their foliage out, the woods are slack,
And one by one the singing-birds come back.

Within the city's bounds the time of flowers
Comes earlier. Let a mild and sunny day,
Such as full often, for a few bright hours,
Breathes through the sky of March the airs of May,
Shine on our roofs and chase the wintry gloom —
And lo! our borders glow with sudden bloom.

For the wide sidewalks of Broadway are then
Gorgeous as are a rivulet's banks in June,
That overhung with blossoms, through its glen,
Slides soft away beneath the sunny noon,

And they who search the untrodden wood for flowers
Meet in its depths no lovelier ones than ours.

For here are eyes that shame the violet,
Or the dark drop that on the pansy lies,
And foreheads, white, as when in clusters set,
The anemones by forest fountains rise;
And the spring-beauty boasts no tenderer streak
Than the soft red on many a youthful cheek.

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Soft voices and light laughter wake the street,
Like notes of woodbirds, and where'er the eye
Threads the long way, plumes wave, and twinkling feet
Fall light, as hastes that crowd of beauty by.
The ostrich, hurrying o'er the desert space,
Scarce bore those tossing plumes with fleetest pace.

No swimming Juno-gait, of languor born,
Is theirs, but a light step of freest grace,
Light as Camilla's o'er the unbent corn,—
A step that speaks the spirit of the place,
Since Quiet, meek old dame, was driven away
To Sing-Sing and the shores of Tappan bay.

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William Cullen Bryant.

THE CITY OF SHIPS.

CITY of ships!
(O the black ships! O the fierce ships!
O the beautiful, sharp-bowed steam-ships and sail-ships!)
City of the world! (for all races are here;

All the lands of the earth make contributions here ;)
City of the sea ! city of hurried and glittering tides !
City whose gleeful tides continually rush or recede,
 whirling in and out, with eddies and foam !
City of wharves and stores ! city of tall façades of marble and iron !
Proud and passionate city ! mettlesome, mad, extravagant city !

Walt Whitman.

NEW YORK.

BUT see ! the broadening river deeper flows,
Its tribute floods intent to reach the sea,
While, from the west, the fading sunlight throws
Its softening hues on stream, and field, and tree ;
All silent nature bathing, wondrously,
In charms that soothe the heart with sweet desires,
And thoughts of friends we ne'er again may see,
Till lo ! ahead, Manhatta's bristling spires,
Above her thousand roofs red with day's dying fires,

May greet the wanderer of Columbia's shore,
Proud Venice of the west ! no lovelier scene.
Of thy vast throngs now faintly comes the roar,
Though late like beating ocean surf I ween, —
And everywhere thy various barks are seen,
Cleaving the limpid floods that round thee flow,
Encircled by thy banks of sunny green, —
The panting steamer plying to and fro,
Or the tall sea-bound ship abroad on wings of snow.

Theodore Sedgwick Fay.

UNSEEN SPIRITS.

THE shadows lay along Broadway, —
'T was near the twilight tide, —
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she ; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air,
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair ;
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true ;
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo :
But honored well are charms to sell,
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair, —
A slight girl, lily-pale ;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail :
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray ;

For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven,
By man is cursed away.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

BROADWAY.

ON this day of brightest dawning,
Underneath each spreading awning,
Sheltered from the sun's fierce ray,
Come, and let us saunter gayly
With the crowd whose footsteps, daily,
Wear the sidewalks of Broadway.

Leave the proof-sheets and the printer
Till the duller days of winter,
Till some dark December day;
Better than your lucubrations
Are the vivid inspirations
You can gather in Broadway!

Tell me not, in half-derision,
Of your Boulevards Parisian,
With their brilliant broad *pavés*,
Still for us the best is nearest,
And the last love is the dearest,
And the Queen of Streets — Broadway!

Here, beneath bewitching bonnets,
Sparkle eyes to kindle sonnets,
Charms, each worth a lyric lay;

Ah! what bright, untold romances
Linger in the radiant glances
Of the beauties of Broadway!

All the fairer, that so fleeting
Is the momentary meeting,
That our footsteps may not stay;
While, each passing form replacing,
Swift the waves of life are chasing
Down the channels of Broadway!

Motley as the masqueraders
Are the jostling promenaders,
In their varied, strange display;
Here an instant, only, blending,
Whither are their footsteps tending
As they hasten through Broadway?

Some to garrets and to cellars,
Crowded with unhappy dwellers;
Some to mansions, rich and gay,
Where the evening's mirth and pleasure
Shall be fuller, in their measure,
Than the turmoil of Broadway!

Yet were once our mortal vision
Blest with quicker intuition,
We should shudder with dismay
To behold what shapes are haunting
Some, who seem most gayly flaunting
On the sidewalks of Broadway!

For, beside the beggar cheerless,
And the maiden gay and fearless,
And the old man worn and gray,
Swift and viewless, waiting never,
Still the Fates are gliding ever,
Stern and silent, through Broadway !

William Allen Butler.

THE BOWLING GREEN.

IS this the Bowling Green? I should not know it,
So disarrayed, defaced, and gone to seed,
Like some un-Pegasused and prosy poet,
Whose Helicon is now the bowl and weed;
Its Green, if grass, does not precisely show it,
So changed to worse from that once lovely mead.

Not Time has done it only, Desecration
Has with corrosive finger touched the place;
The iron fence, its once proud decoration,
The street, the mansions round, share the disgrace,—
Now but the stepping-stone of every nation,
The point of fusion for the human race.

The houses once, long since, in evening's glory
Shone with a tranquil beauty; and on stoops
Maidens would listen while the old, old story
Beguiled the twilight; and broad-skirted groups
Displayed their sabres moderately gory,
Displacing with good Dutch the Indians' whoops.

And in my own day, later, I remember
Those pleasant houses and their pleasant hosts,
Where gleamed like topaz in the dying ember
The old Madeira (then we drank to toasts).
Ah me! that June of life is now December,
And all those smiling figures are but ghosts.

Yon dingy alien, limping from his steamer;
The colorless, abandoned look of all;
The broken flags, the fountain's silvery tremor;
The homes for aye disprivacied, and the wall
Cuirassed in gilded sign-boards, — pain the dreamer,
And all his blissful memories appall.

Ah! 't was a dear old town, that lost Manhattan,
With its green shores, whose islands still had trees;
And round them gleamed the sun-touched bay like satin,
When the sun sank, and shut its wings the breeze.
Oh! why was it obliged to grow and fatten?
Those modest days in worth outvalued these.

The visitor, I may say without flattery,
Finds few, if any, ports to match the view
(When the wind's up, the walk is slightly spattery)
Of bustling, white-winged craft and laughing blue,
Which fixes him enchanted on the Battery, —
So full of life, forever fresh and new.

If, as a boy I did, I make my haunt in
Dear Castle Garden, soon I find a check
In two policemen, who, my courage daunting,
Stand sentinels beside that piteous wreck,

And point to signs ; I read, Für Emigranten,
And just beyond I see an emptying deck.

In the far future, haply, the town completed,
That foreign wave no more shall strike the shore,
And the boys then shall frolic there as we did,
And maidens flower-like bloom beside the door,
And happy people shall behold repeated
Such a Manhattan as we loved of yore.

Thomas Gold Appleton.

ON THE PIER.

DOWN at the end of the long dark street,
Years, years ago,
I sat with my sweetheart on the pier,
Watching the river flow.

The moon was climbing the sky that night,
White as the winter's snow :
We kissed in its light, and swore to be true, —
But that was years ago !

Once more I walk in the dark old street,
Wearily to and fro :
But I sit no more on the desolate pier
Watching the river flow.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

THE FERRY-BOAT.

WRECKS of clouds of a sombre gray,
Like the ribbed remains of a mastodon,
Were piled in masses along the west,
And a streak of red stretched over the sun.

I stood on the deck of the ferry-boat,
As the summer evening deepened to night;
Where the tides of the river ran darkling past,
Through lengthening pillars of crinkled light.

The wind blew over the land and the waves
With its salt sea-breath, and a spicy balm,
And it seemed to cool my throbbing brain,
And lend my spirit its gusty calm.

The forest of masts, the dark-hulled ships,
The twinkling lights, and the sea of men, —
I read the riddle of each and all,
And I knew their inner meaning then.

For while the beautiful moon arose,
And drifted the boat in her yellow beams,
My soul went down the river of thought,
That flows in the mystic land of dreams!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

HEADQUARTERS OF WASHINGTON,

WHEN NEW YORK WAS EVACUATED BY CLINTON.

IT is a structure of the olden time,
Built to endure, not dazzle for a day :
A stain is on the venerable roof,
Telling of conflict with the King of Storms ;
And clings to casement worn and hanging eaves,
With thread-like roots, the moss.

Gray shutters swing
On rusted hinges, but the beams of day
Dart with a softening radiance through the bars.
Colossal domes of chiselled marble made,
Religion's fanes, with glittering golden spires,
And Mammon's airy and embellished halls,
Wearing a modern freshness, are in sight ;
But a cold glance they win from me alone.

Why do I turn from Art's triumphant works
To look on pile more humble? Why in thought
Linger around this ancient edifice ?
The place is hallowed, — Washington once trod,
Planning the fall of tyranny, these floors.
Within yon chamber did he bend the knee,
Calling on God to aid the patriot's cause,
At morn and in the solemn hour of night.
His mandate, pregnant with a nation's fate,
Went forth from these plain, unpretending walls.
Here towered in warlike garb his stately form,
While marshalled thousands in the dusty street

Gave ear to his harangue, and inly vowed
To die or conquer with their matchless chief.
Methinks at yon old window I behold
His calm majestic features, while the sound
Of blessing rises from the throng below.
Have not the scenes of other days returned?
Do I not hear the sentry's measured tramp,
Clangor of mail and neigh of battle-steed,
Mingling their discord with the drum's deep roll?
No! 't was a dream!—the magic of a place,
Allied to memory of earth's noblest son,
Gives form and seeming life to viewless air.

* * *

William Henry Cuyler Hosmer.

PAN IN WALL STREET.

JUST where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations;
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple,—

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war, the auction's hammer;

And swift, on Music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel, where he stood
At ease against a Doric pillar :
One hand a droning organ played,
The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned
Like those of old) to lips that made
The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'T was Pan himself had wandered here
A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty !
The demigod had crossed the seas, —
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times, — to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head ;
But — hidden thus — there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarled horns were somewhere sprouting ;
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's-eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted ;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

* * *

O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her, —
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water !
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands, —
Enchantress of the souls of mortals !

So thought I, — but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry,
“Great Pan is dead !” — and all the people
Went on their ways : — and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Niagara, the River.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his hollow hand,
And hung his bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
The sound of many waters; and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh, what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

John Gardner Catkins Brainard.

NIAGARA.

TREMENDOUS torrent! for an instant hush
 The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
 Those wide-involving shadows, that my eyes
 May see the fearful beauty of thy face!
 I am not all unworthy of thy sight;
 For from my very boyhood have I loved,
 Shunning the meaner track of common minds,
 To look on Nature in her loftier moods.
 At the fierce rushing of the hurricane,
 At the near bursting of the thunderbolt,
 I have been touched with joy; and when the sea,
 Lashed by the wind, hath rocked my bark, and showed
 Its yawning caves beneath me, I have loved
 Its dangers and the wrath of elements.
 But never yet the madness of the sea
 Hath moved me as thy grandeur moves me now.

Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
 Grow broken midst the rocks; thy current then
 Shoots onward like the irresistible course
 Of Destiny. Ah, terribly they rage, —
 The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My brain
 Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
 Upon the hurrying waters; and my sight
 Vainly would follow, as toward the verge
 Sweeps the wide torrent. Waves innumerable
 Meet there and madden, — waves innumerable
 Urge on and overtake the waves before,
 And disappear in thunder and in foam.

They reach, they leap the barrier, — the abyss
Swallows insatiable the sinking waves.
A thousand rainbows arch them, and the woods
Are deafened with the roar. The violent shock
Shatters to vapor the descending sheets.
A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and heaves
The mighty pyramid of circling mist
To heaven. The solitary hunter near
Pauses with terror in the forest shades.

What seeks my restless eye? Why are not here,
About the jaws of this abyss, the palms, —
Ah, the delicious palms, — that on the plains
Of my own native Cuba spring and spread
Their thickly foliated summits to the sun,
And, in the breathings of the ocean air,
Wave soft beneath the heaven's unspotted blue?

But no, Niagara, — thy forest pines
Are fitter coronal for thee. The palm,
The effeminate myrtle, and frail rose may grow
In gardens, and give out their fragrance there,
Unmanning him who breathes it. Thine it is
To do a nobler office. Generous minds
Behold thee, and are moved, and learn to rise
Above earth's frivolous pleasures; they partake
Thy grandeur, at the utterance of thy name.

* * *

José María Heredia. Tr. Anonymous.

NIAGARA FALLS.

THERE's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall!

Thou mayest not to the fancy's sense recall.

The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning's leap,

The stirring of the chambers of the deep;

Earth's emerald green, and many tinted dyes.

The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies;

The tread of armies thickening as they come,

The boom of cannon and the beat of drum;

The brow of beauty and the form of grace,

The passion and the prowess of our race;

The song of Homer in its loftiest hour,

The unresisted sweep of human power;

Britannia's trident on the azure sea,

America's young shout of Liberty!

Oh! may the waves which madden in thy deep

There spend their rage nor climb the encircling steep;

And till the conflict of thy surges cease

The nations on thy banks repose in peace.

Lord Morpeth.

NIAGARA.

HAS aught like this descended, since the fountains
Of the Great Deep broke up, in caracacts hurled,

And climbing lofty hills, eternal mountains,

Poured wave on wave above a buried world?

Yon tides are raging, as when storms have striven,

And the vexed seas, awaking from their sleep,

Are rough with foam, and Neptune's flocks are driven
In myriads o'er the green and azure deep.

Ere yet they fall, mark (where that mighty current
Comes like an army from its mountain home)
How fiercely yon wild steeds amid the torrent,
With their dark flanks, and manes and crests of foam,

Speed to their doom — yet in the awful centre,
Where the wild waves rush madliest to the steep,
Just ere that white unfathomed gulf they enter,
Rear back in horror from the headlong leap,

Then, maddening, plunge — a thousand more succeeding
Sweep onward, troop on troop, again to urge
The same fierce flight, as rapid and unheeding —
Again to pause in terror on the verge.

* * *

Oft to an eye half closed, as if in solving
Some mighty, mystic problem — half it seems
Like some vast crystal wheel, ever revolving,
Whose motion, earth's — whose axle, earth's extremes.

We gaze and gaze, half lost in dreamy pleasure,
On all that slow majestic wave reveals,
While Fancy idly, vainly strives to measure
How vast the cavern which its veil conceals.

* * *

Whence come ye, O wild waters? by what scenes
Of Majesty and Beauty have ye flowed,
In the wide continent that intervenes,
Ere yet ye mingle in this common road?

The Mountain King, upon his rocky throne,
 Laves his broad feet amid your rushing streams,
 And many a vale of loveliness unknown
 Is softly mirrored in their crystal gleams.

They come—from haunts a thousand leagues away,
 From ancient mounds, with deserts wide between,
 Cliffs, whose tall summits catch the parting day,
 And prairies blooming in eternal green ;

Yet the bright valley, and the flower-lit meadow,
 And the drear waste of wilderness, all past —
 Like that strange Life, of which thou art the shadow,
 Must take the inevitable plunge at last.

Whither we know not—but above the wave
 A gentle, white-robed spirit sorrowing stands,
 Type of the rising from that darker grave,
 Which waits the wanderer from Life's weary lands.

How long these wondrous forms, these colors splendid,
 Their glory o'er the wilderness have thrown !
 How long that mighty anthem has ascended
 To Him who wakened its eternal tone !

That everlasting utterance thou shalt raise,
 A thousand ages ended, still the same,
 When this poor heart, that fain would add its praise,
 Has mouldered to the nothing whence it came ;

When the white dwellings of man's busy brood,
 Now reared in myriads o'er the peopled plain,

Like snows have vanished, and the ancient wood
Shall echo to the eagle's shriek again.

And all the restless crowds that now rejoice,
And toil and traffic, in their eager moods,
Shall pass, — and nothing save thine awful voice
Shall break the hush of these vast solitudes.

Henry Howard Brownell.

NIAGARA.

I STOOD within a vision's spell;
I saw, I heard. The liquid thunder
Went pouring to its foaming hell,
And it fell,
Ever, ever fell
Into the invisible abyss that opened under.

I stood upon a speck of ground;
Before me fell a stormy ocean.
I was like a captive bound;
And around
A universe of sound
Troubled the heavens with ever-quivering motion.

Down, down forever — down, down forever,
Something falling, falling, falling,
Up, up forever — up, up forever,
Resting never,
Boiling up forever,
Steam-clouds shot up with thunder-bursts appalling.

A tone that since the birth of man
 Was never for a moment broken,
 A word that since the world began,
 And waters ran,
 Hath spoken still to man, —
 Of God and of Eternity hath spoken.

* * *

And in that vision, as it passed,
 Was gathered terror, beauty, power;
 And still, when all has fled, too fast,
 And I at last
 Dream of the dreamy past,
 My heart is full when lingering on that hour.

Anonymous.

NIAGARA.

THOUGH the dusk has extinguished the green
 And the glow of the down-falling silver,
 In my heart I prefer this subdued,
 Cathedral-like gloom on the water:
 When the fancy capriciously wills,
 Nor loves to define or distinguish,
 As a dream which enchants us with fear;
 And scarce throbs the heart unafrighted.

With a color and voice of its own
 I behold this wondrous creature
 Move as a living thing,
 And joyous with joy Titanic.
 Its brothers in sandstone are locked,
 Yet from their graves speak to it.

It sings to them as it moves,
And the hills and uplands re-echo.
The sunshine kindles its scales,
And they gleam with opal and sapphire.
It uplifts its tawny mane,
With its undulations of silver,
And tosses through showers of foam,
Its flanks seamed with shadow and sunshine.
Like the life of man is its course,
Born far in some cloudy sierra,
Dimpled and wayward and small,
O'erleaped by the swerving roebuck;
But enlarging with mighty growth,
And wearing wide lakes for its bracelets,
It moves, the king of streams,
As man wears the crown of his manhood.
It shouts to the loving fields,
Which toss to it flowers and perfume;
It eddies and winds round its isles,
And its kisses thrill them with rapture;
Till it fights in its strength and o'ercomes
The rocks which would bar its progress.
The earth hears its cries of rage,
As it tramples them in its rushing,
Leaping, exultant above
And smiting them in derision;
Till at length, its life fulfilled,
Sublime in majestic calmness,
It submits to death, and falls
With a beauty it wins in dying,
Still, wan, prone, till curtains of foam enclose it,

To arise a spirit of mist,
 And return to the Heaven it came from.

 As deepens the night, all is changed,
 And the joy of my dream is extinguished:
 I hear but a measureless prayer,
 As of multitudes wailing in anguish;
 I see but one fluttering plunge,
 As if angels were falling from heaven.
 Indistinctly, at times, I behold
 Cuthullin and Ossian's old heroes
 Look at me with eyes sad with tears,
 And a summons to follow their flying,
 Absorbed in wild, eerie rout,
 Of wind-swept and desolate spectres.
 As deepens the night, a clear cry
 At times cleaves the boom of the waters;
 Comes with it a terrible sense
 Of suffering extreme and forever.
 The beautiful rainbow is dead,
 And gone are the birds which sang through it.
 The incense so mounting is now
 A stifling, sulphurous vapor.
 The abyss is the hell of the lost,
 Hopeless falling to fires everlasting.

Thomas Gold Appleton.

NIAGARA.

FLOW on forever, in thy glorious robe
 Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
 Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set

His rainbow on thy forehead ; and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally, — bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, — and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

Ah ! who can dare
To lift the insect-trump of earthly hope,
Or love, or sorrow, mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn ? Even Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood, and all his waves
Retire abashed. For he doth sometimes seem
To sleep like a spent laborer, and recall
His wearied billows from their vexing play,
And lull them to a cradle calm ; but thou,
With everlasting, undecaying tide,
Dost rest not, night or day. The morning stars,
When first they sang o'er young creation's birth,
Heard thy deep anthem ; and those wrecking-fires,
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
This solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
On thine unending volume.

Every leaf,
That lifts itself within thy wide domain,
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo ! — yon birds
Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wing
Amid thy mist and foam. 'Tis meet for them
To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly stir
The snowy leaflets of thy vapor-wreath,

For they may sport unharmed amid the cloud,
 Or listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
 Without reproof. But as for us, it seems
 Scarce lawful, with our broken tones, to speak
 Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint
 Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
 Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,
 Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul
 A wondering witness of thy majesty,
 But as it presses with delirious joy
 To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
 And tame its rapture with the humbling view
 Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
 In the dread presence of the Invisible,
 As if to answer to its God through thee.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

AVERY.

1853.

I.

ALL night long they heard in the houses beside the
 shore,
 Heard, or seemed to hear, through the multitudinous
 roar,
 Out of the hell of the rapids as 't were a lost soul's
 cries, —
 Heard and could not believe ; and the morning mocked
 their eyes,

Showing, where wildest and fiercest the waters leaped
up and ran
Raving round him and past, the visage of a man
Clinging, or seeming to cling, to the trunk of a tree
that, caught
Fast in the rocks below, scarce out of the surges raught.
Was it a life, could it be, to yon slender hope that
clung?
Shrill, above all the tumult the answering terror rung.

II.

Under the weltering rapids a boat from the bridge is
drowned,
Over the rocks the lines of another are tangled and
wound;
And the long, fateful hours of the morning have wasted
soon,
As it had been in some blessed trance, and now it is
noon.
Hurry, now with the raft! But O, build it strong
and staunch,
And to the lines and treacherous rocks look well as
you launch!
Over the foamy tops of the waves, and their foam-
scent sides,
Over the hidden reefs, and through the embattled
tides,
Onward rushes the raft, with many a lurch and leap, —
Lord! if it strike him loose, from the hold he scarce
can keep!

No ! through all peril unharmed, it reaches him harm-
 less at last,
 And to its proven strength he lashes his weakness fast.
 Now, for the shore ! But steady, steady, my men,
 and slow ;
 Taut, now, the quivering lines ; now slack ; and so, let
 her go !
 Thronging the shores around stand the pitying multi-
 tude ;
 Wan as his own are their looks, and a nightmare seems
 to brood
 Heavy upon them, and heavy the silence hangs on all,
 Save for the rapids' plunge, and the thunder of the fall.
 But on a sudden thrills from the people still and pale,
 Chorusing his unheard despair, a desperate wail :
 Caught on a lurking point of rock it sways and swings,
 Sport of the pitiless waters, the raft to which he clings.

III.

All the long afternoon it idly swings and sways ;
 And on the shore the crowd lifts up its hands and
 prays :
 Lifts to heaven and wrings the hands so helpless to
 save,
 Prays for the mercy of God on him whom the rock
 and the wave
 Battle for, fettered betwixt them, and who, amidst
 their strife,
 Struggles to help his helpers, and fights so hard for
 his life, —

Tugging at rope and at reef, while men weep and women swoon.

Priceless second by second, so wastes the afternoon,
And it is sunset now; and another boat and the last
Down to him from the bridge through the rapids has
safely passed.

IV.

Wild through the crowd comes flying a man that nothing can stay,

Maddening against the gate that is locked athwart his way.

"No! we keep the bridge for them that can help him.
You,

Tell us, who are you?" "His brother!" "God help you both! Pass through."

Wild, with wide arms of imploring he calls aloud to him,

Unto the face of his brother, scarce seen in the distance dim;

But in the roar of the rapids his fluttering words are lost

As in a wind of autumn the leaves of autumn are tossed.

And from the bridge he sees his brother sever the rope
Holding him to the raft, and rise secure in his hope;
Sees all as in a dream the terrible pageantry,—

Populous shores, the woods, the sky, the birds flying free;

Sees, then, the form,—that, spent with effort and fasting and fear,

Flings itself feebly and fails of the boat that is lying
 so near, —
 Caught in the long-baffled clutch of the rapids, and
 rolled and hurled
 Headlong on to the cataract's brink, and out of the
 world.

William Dean Howells.

GOAT ISLAND.

PEACE and perpetual quiet are around.
 Upon the erect and dusky file of stems,
 Sustaining yon far roof, expelling sound,
 Through which the sky sparkles (a rain of gems
 Lost in the forest's depth of shade), the sun
 At times doth shoot an arrow of pure gold,
 Flecking majestic trunks with hues of dun,
 Veining their barks with silver, and betraying
 Secret initials tied in true love knots ;
 Of hearts no longer through green alleys straying,
 But stifled in the world's distasteful grotts.
 The silence is monastic, save in spots
 Where heaves a glimmer of uncertain light,
 And rich wild tones euchant the woodland night.

Thomas Gold Appleton.

THE CATARACT ISLE.

I WANDERED through the ancient wood
 That crowns the cataract isle.
 I heard the roaring of the flood
 And saw its wild, fierce smile.

Through tall tree-tops the sunshine flecked
The huge trunks and the ground,
And the pomp of fullest summer decked
The island all around.

And winding paths led all along
Where friends and lovers strayed,
And voices rose with laugh and song
From sheltered nooks of shade.

Through opening forest vistas whirled
The rapids' foamy flash,
As they boiled along and plunged and swirled,
And neared the last long dash.

I crept to the island's outer verge,
Where the grand, broad river fell,—
Fell sheer down mid foam and surge
In a white and blinding hell.

The steady rainbow gayly shone
Above the precipice,
And the deep low tone of a thunder groan
Rolled up from the drear abyss.

And all the day sprang up the spray
Where the broad white sheets were poured,
And fell around in showery play,
Or upward curled and soared.

And all the night those sheets of white
Gleamed through the spectral mist,

When o'er the isle the broad moonlight
The wintry foam-flakes kissed.

Mirrored within my dreamy thought,
I see it, feel it all, —
That island with sweet visions fraught,
That awful waterfall.

With sunflecked trees, and birds and flowers,
The Isle of Life is fair;
But one deep voice thrills through its hours,
One spectral form is there, —

A power no mortal can resist,
Rolling forever on, —
A floating cloud, a shadowy mist,
Eternal undertone.

And through the sunny vistas gleam
The fate, the solemn smile.
Life is Niagara's rushing stream;
Its dreams — that peaceful isle!

Christopher Pearse Cranch.



Norman's Kill (Tawasentha), N. Y.

THE FALLS OF NORMAN'S KILL.

A DAY in Indian Summer: here, the sky
Shows a bright veil of silver; there, a shade
Of soft and misty purple, with the fleece

Of downy clouds, and azure streaks between.
The light falls meekly, and the wooing air
Fans with a brisk vitality the frame.
The woods have lost the bright and varied charm
Of magic Autumn, and the faded leaves
Hide with one robe of brown the earth that late
Glowed like the fabled gardens of the East.
Still all around is lovely. Far the eye
Pierces the naked woods, and marks the shades,
Like prone black pillars with their capitals,
Formed by the sprays; and rocks, ravines, and mounds
(Hidden when Summer smiles), and sparkling rills,
Trickling o'er mossy stones.

A low, stern tone
Rumbles upon the air, as, winding down
The gullied road, I seek the gorge where flows
The stream to mingle with the river flood
In the brief eastward distance. On my left
Are the brown waters, a high rocky isle
Like a huge platform midway; and the steep
Tree-columned ridge, in summer dense with shades,
But ragged now with gaunt and leafless boughs,
And only green where stand the kingly pines
And princely hemlocks. On my right the bank,
Of slate and crumbling gravel, pitches down
Now sheer, now hollowed out, the dark blue clay
Showing its strata veins, while on the edge,
High up and dwarfed by distance, cling tall trees.
A rocky rampart, seamed and dashed with white,
Is piled before me, and the bending sky
Close at its back. Advancing, with the sound

Louder and louder, waters leap and gush
And foam through channelled outlets; dashing now
O'er terraces, now flinging o'er a rock
A shifting fringe of silver, shooting quick
Through some deep gully, like a glassy dart,
And now in one rich mass of glittering foam
Sent downward, with light particles of spray
In white smoke rising.

Like the puny wrath
Of the weak child, to manhood's passion-burst
When his fierce heart is flaming; like the voice
Of the low west-wind, to the mighty sweep
Of the roused northern storm-blast, art thou now,
O rushing stream! to when the roaring rains
Have swelled thy fountains, and with thundering shocks,
Foaming and leaping, thou dost dash along,
Restrainless in thy awful force, to rend
And whirl and whelm, until a mightier wave
Swallows thy raging being. Bridge and tree,
Torn into fragments, roll and plunge and toss,
Till those that now might look on thee and smile,
Turn grave and tremble.

* * *

Alfred Billings Street.

TAWASENTHA.

IN the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.

Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,
Green in summer, white in winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.

And the pleasant water-courses,
You could trace them through the valley,
By the rushing in the spring-time,
By the alders in the summer,
By the white fog in the autumn,
By the black line in the winter;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE FOREST CEMETERY.

WILD Tawasentha! in thy brook-laced glen
The doe no longer lists her lost fawn's bleating,
As panting there, escaped from hunter's ken,
She hears the chase o'er distant hills retreating;
No more, uprising from the fern around her,
The Indian archer, from his "still-hunt" lair,
Wings the death-shaft which hath that moment found
her

When Fate seemed foiled upon her footsteps there.

Wild Tawasentha! on thy cone-strewn sod,
O'er which yon pine his giant arm is bending,

No more the Mohawk marks its dark crown nod
Against the sun's broad disk toward night descending,
Then crouching down beside the brands that redden
The columned trunks which rear thy leafy dome,
Forgets his toils in hunter's slumbers leaden,
Or visions of the red man's spirit home:

But where his calumet by that lone fire,
At night beneath these cloistered boughs was lighted,
The Christian orphan will in prayer aspire,
The Christian parent mourn his proud hope blighted;
And in thy shade the mother's heart will listen
The spirit-cry of babe she clasps no more,
And where thy rills through hemlock-branches glisten,
There many a maid her lover will deplore.

Here children linked in love and sport together,
Who check their mirth as creaks the slow hearse by,
Will totter lonely in life's autumn weather,
To ponder where life's spring-time blossoms lie;
And where the virgin soil was never dinted
By the rude ploughshare since creation's birth,
Year after year fresh furrows will be printed
Upon the sad cheek of the grieving Earth.

Yon sun, returning in unwearied stages,
Will gild the cenotaph's ascending spire,
O'er names on history's yet unwritten pages
That unborn crowds will, worshipping, admire;
Names that shall brighten through my country's story
Like meteor hues that fire her autumn woods,

Encircling high her onward course of glory
Like the bright bow which spans her mountain-floods.

Here where the flowers have bloomed and died for
ages, —

Bloomed all unseen and perished all unsung, —
On youth's green grave, traced out beside the sage's,
Will garlands now by votive hearts be flung;
And sculptured marble and funereal urn,
O'er which gray birches to the night air wave,
Will whiten through thy glades at every turn,
And woo the moonbeam to some poet's grave!

Thus back to Nature, faithful, do we come,
When Art hath taught us all her best beguiling,
Thus blend their ministry around the tomb
Where, pointing upward, still sits Nature smiling!
And never, Nature's hallowed spots adorning,
Hath Art, with her a sombre garden dressed,
Wild Tawasentha! in this vale of mourning
With more to consecrate their children's rest.

And still that stream will hold its winsome way,
Sparkling as now upon the frosty air,
When all in turn shall troop in pale array
To that dim land for which so few prepare.
Still will yon oak, which now a sapling waves,
Each year renewed, with hardy vigor grow,
Expanding still to shade the nameless graves
Of nameless men that haply sleep below.

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Charles Fenno Hoffman.

Ontario, the Lake, N. Y.

LAKE ONTARIO.

DEEP thoughts o'ershade my spirit while I gaze
Upon the blue depths of thy mighty breast;
Thy glassy face is bright with sunset rays,
And thy far-stretching waters are at rest,
Save the small wave that on thy margin plays,
Lifting to summer airs its flashing crest:
While the fleet hues across thy surface driven,
Mingle afar in the embrace of heaven.

Thy smile is glorious when the morning's spring
Gives half its glowing beauty to the deep;
When the dusk swallow dips his drooping wing,
And the gay winds that o'er thy bosom sweep
Tribute from dewy woods and violets bring,
Thy restless billows in their gifts to steep.
Thou 'rt beautiful when evening moonbeams shine,
And the soft hour of night and stars is thine.

Thou hast thy tempests, too; the lightning's home
Is near thee, though unseen; thy peaceful shore,
When storms have lashed these waters into foam,
Echoes full oft the pealing thunder's roar.
Thou hast dark trophies: the unhonored tomb
Of those now sought and wept on earth no more:
Full many a goodly form, the loved and brave,
Lies whelmed and still beneath thy sullen wave.

The world was young with thee: this swelling flood
As proudly swelled, as purely met the sky,
When sound of life roused not the ancient wood,
Save the wild eagle's scream, or panther's cry.
Here on this verdant bank the savage stood,
And shook his dart and battle-axe on high,
While hues of slaughter tinged thy billows blue,
As deeper and more close the conflict grew.

Here, too, at early morn, the hunter's song
Was heard from wooded isle and grassy glade;
And here, at eve, these clustered bowers among,
The low, sweet carol of the Indian maid,
Chiding the slumbering breeze and shadows long,
That kept her lingering lover from the shade,
While, scarcely seen, thy willing waters o'er,
Sped the light bark that bore him to the shore.

Those scenes are past. The spirit of changing years
Has breathed on all around, save thee alone.
More faintly the receding woodland hears
Thy voice, once full and joyless as its own.
Nations have gone from earth, nor trace appears
To tell their tale, — forgotten or unknown.
Yet here, unchanged, untamed, thy waters lie,
Azure, and clear, and boundless as the sky.

Elizabeth F. Ellett.

LAKE ONTARIO.

THE moon goes lightly up her thronging way,
And shadowy things are brightening into day;
And cliff and shrub and bank and tree and stone
Now move upon the eye, and now are gone.
A dazzling tapestry is hung around,
A gorgeous carpeting bestrews the ground;
The willows glitter in the passing beam,
And shake their tangling lustres o'er the stream;
And all the full rich foliage of the shore
Seems with a quick enchantment frosted o'er,
And dances at the faintest breath of night,
And trembles like a plume of spangles in the light!

This dark cool wave is bluer than the deep,
Where sailors, children of the tempest, sleep;
And dropped with lights as pure, as still, as those
The wide-drawn hangings of the skies disclose,
Far lovelier than the dim and broken ray,
That Ocean's flashing surges send astray.

This is the mirror of dim Solitude,
On which unholy things may ne'er intrude;
That frowns and ruffles when the clouds appear,
Refusing to reflect their shapes of fear.
Ontario's deeps are spread to multiply
But sunshine, stars, the moon, and clear-blue sky.

No pirate barque was ever seen to ride,
With blood-red streamer, chasing o'er that tide;
Till late, no bugle o'er those waters sang
With aught but huntsman's orisons, that rang

Their clear, exulting, bold, triumphant strain,
Till all the mountain echoes laughed again;
Till caverns, depths, and hills would all reply,
And heaven's blue dome ring out the sprightly melody.

John Neal.

Oriskany, N. Y.

BATTLE OF ORISKANY.

AS men who fight for home and child and wife,
As men oblivious of life
In holy martyrdom,
The yeomen of the Valley fought that day,
Throughout thy fierce and deadly fray, —
Blood-red Oriskany.

From rock and tree and clump of twisted brush
The hissing gusts of battle rush, —
Hot-breathed and horrible!
The roar, the smoke, like mist on stormy seas,
Sweep through thy splintered trees, —
Hard-fought Oriskany.

Heroes are born in such a chosen hour;
From common men they rise, and tower,
Like thee, brave Herkimer!
Who wounded, steedless, still beside the beech
Cheered on thy men, with sword and speech,
In grim Oriskany.

But ere the sun went toward the tardy night,
The Valley then beheld the light
Of freedom's victory;
And wooded Tryon snatched from British arms
The empire of a million farms —
On bright Oriskany.

The guns of Stanwix thunder to the skies;
The rescued wilderness replies;
Forth dash the garrison!
And routed Tories, with their savage aids,
Sink reddening through the sullied shades —
From lost Oriskany.

Charles D. Helmer.

Otsego, the Lake, N. Y.

OTSEGO LAKE.

O HAUNTED lake, from out whose silver fountains
The mighty Susquehanna takes its rise;
O haunted lake, among the pine-clad mountains,
Forever smiling upward to the skies, —
Thrice blest art thou in every curling wavelet,
In every floating water-lily sweet, —
From the old Lion at thy northern boundary,
To fair Mount Vision sleeping at thy feet.
A master's hand hath painted all thy beauties;
A master's mind hath peopled all thy shore

With wraiths of mighty hunters and fair maidens,
Haunting thy forest glades forevermore.

A master's heart hath gilded all thy valley
With golden splendor from a loving breast;
And in thy little churchyard, 'neath the pine-trees,
A master's body sleeps in quiet rest.

O haunted lake, guard well thy sacred story, —
Guard well the memory of that honored name!
Guard well the grave that gives thee all thy glory
And raises thee to long-enduring fame.

Anonymous.



Passaic, the River, N. J.

THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC.

IN a wild, tranquil vale, fringed with forests of green,
Where nature had fashioned a soft, sylvan scene,
The retreat of the ring-dove, the haunt of the deer,
Passaic in silence rolled gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astonished the sight,
No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight;
Here the wild floweret blossomed, the elm proudly
waved,
And pure was the current the green bank that laved.

But the spirit that ruled o'er the thick tangled wood,
And deep in its gloom fixed his murky abode,

Who loved the wild scene that the whirlwinds deform,
And gloried in thunder and lightning and storm;

All flushed from the tumult of battle he came,
Where the red men encountered the children of flame,
While the noise of the war-whoop still rang in his ears,
And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he bears:

With a glance of disgust, he the landscape surveyed,
With its fragrant wild-flowers, its wide waving shade;
Where Passaic meanders through margins of green,
So transparent its waters, its surface serene.

He rived the green hills, the wild woods he laid low;
He taught the pure stream in rough channels to flow;
He rent the rude rock, the steep precipice gave,
And hurled down the chasm the thundering wave.

Countless moons have since rolled in the long lapse
of time,

Cultivation has softened those features sublime;
The axe of the white man has lightened the shade,
And dispelled the deep gloom of the thicketed glade.

But the stranger still gazes, with wondering eye,
On the rocks rudely torn, and groves mounted on high;
Still loves on the cliff's dizzy borders to roam,
Where the torrent leaps headlong, embosomed in foam.

Washington Irving.

Perkiomen, the River, Pa.

THE PERKIOMEN.

HERE, in times long gone, October bright
In sombre forests set her glory-light;
Where village street leads o'er the bridge's span,
Among brown hills and peaceful meadows ran
The Perkiomen singing all the day.

For well-tilled fields gave back an hundred fold,
And well-filled barns could scarce their treasure hold.
The orchards bending 'neath the weight they bore
Cast down their golden fruit upon the shore
Of Perkiomen singing all the day.

There came a change; the leaves upon the wood
Burned brighter with a color as of blood.
The waving Northern Lights, the camp-fire's glow
Seemed from the heights a tinge of blood to throw
On Perkiomen at the close of day.

At morn a host marched proudly to the fight,
And some returned their camp-fires to relight,
And some to hear awhile the waters flow,
Then ears grew dull in coming death, and low
The Perkiomen sang on that dread day.

And prayers in many distant homes were said
By hearts that ne'er again were comforted,
While here the soldier saw in dreams again

Home scenes made vivid by the sad refrain
Of Perkiomen singing all the day.

Yet mid the gloom and doubt the living learned
How still defeat to victory might be turned,
Until the cannon thundered from the hill
A conquest's tale, and glad below the mill
The Perkiomen sang on that great day.

But nature soon forgets : that camp is lost,
She hides the graves of all that armed host ;
On the same site now stands another mill,
Another miller leans on the white sill
To hear the Perkiomen sing to-day.

Let not our hearts forget. Lo ! Time makes plain
How from the sacrifice has grown our gain ;
Here orchards bloom ; each year its harvest brings,
And clearer still of peace and plenty sings
The Perkiomen all the autumn day.

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Isaac R. Pennypacker.

Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA.

IN that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,

Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he
founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem
of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of
the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts
they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed,
an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a
country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he de-
parted,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of
the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no
longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of
the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and
sisters.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE MESCHIANZA.

"THE Meschianza was chiefly a tilt and tournament, with other entertainments, as the term implies, and was given on Monday, the 18th of May, 1778, at Wharton's country-seat, in Southwark, by the officers of General Howe's army, to that officer on his quitting the command to return to England." — WATSON.

O CITY, the beloved of Penn,
How was your quiet startled when
Red Mars made your calm harbor glow
With all the splendors he can show !

How looked your tranquil founder down
That day upon his cherished town, —
That town which in the sylvan wild
He reared and tended like a child ?

Methinks that patriarch and his peers,
Who fashioned all your staid retreats,
Groaned then in their celestial seats
With sad offended eyes and ears ;
And, had their loving faith allowed,
That day, in mournful spirit bowed,
Each had turned his olive-wand
Into a rod of reprimand.

The May was there, — the blue-eyed May ;
The sweet south breeze came up the bay,
Fanning the river where it lay
Voiceless, with astonished stare, —
The great sea-drinking Delaware.

There, in the broad, clear afternoon,
With myriad oars, and all in tune,
 A swarm of barges moved away,
 In all their grand regatta pride,
As bright as in a blue lagune,
When gondolas from shore to shore
Swam round the golden Bucentaur
 On a Venetian holiday,
What time the Doge threw in the tide
The ring which made the sea his bride.

Mid these were mighty platforms drawn,
Each crowded like a festal lawn,—
Great swimming floors, o'er which were rolled
Cloth of scarlet, green, and gold,
Like tropic isles of flowery light
Unmoored by some enchanter's might,
O'erflowed with music, floated down
Before the wharf-assembled town.

A thousand rowers rocked and sung,
A thousand light oars flashed and flung
A fairy rainbow where they sprung.
Conjoining with the singers' voice,
 In ecstatic rival trial,
Every instrument of choice,
 Mellow flute and silver viol,
Wooded the soft air to rejoice;
Till on wings of splendor met,
Clearer, louder, wilder yet,
Clarion and clarionet,

And the bugle's sailing tone,
As from lips of tempests blown,
Made the whole wide sky its own,
Shivering with its festal jar
The aerial dome afar.

Thus the music past the town
Winged the swimming pageant down,
Till with one loud crash it dropt,
And the bright flotilla stopt,
Mooring in the bannered port
At the flowery wharves of Sport.

There wide triumphal arches flamed
With painted trophies, which proclaimed,
With mottoes wrought in many a line
Around some brave heraldic sign,
That all the splendors here displayed
Were honors to great chieftains paid.

Pavilions round the field were spread,
With flying banners overhead,
Where, on a high and central throne,
The two commanders reigned alone:
The admiral, whose powdered hair
Had oft been fanned by ocean air;
The general, whose eye oft sped
O'er fields transfused from green to red,
As if the very plain should wear
The hue his army held so dear, —
Both deeming that the world must bow
Before the awful name of Howe.

And there, — O feast for painter's heart,
 And yet a light to mock his art,
 To kindle all a poet's fire,
 To waken, madden, and inspire,
 Yet leave him mastered and undone,
 As faints a taper in the sun, —
 Yes, there, in many a beaming row,
 Was lit such beauty as might glow
 Alone in fabled tourney-rings
 Held in those far enchanted scenes
 Where all are princesses and queens
 And all the jousting knights are kings.

* * *

Thomas Buchanan Read.

BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

CERTAIN machines in the form of kegs, charged with gunpowder, were sent down the river to annoy the British shipping then at Philadelphia. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharves and shipping, and discharged their small arms and cannon at any thing they saw floating in the river during the ebb tide.

GALLANTS, attend, and hear a friend
 Trill forth harmonious ditty;
 Strange things I'll tell, which late befell,
 In Philadelphia city.

'T was early day, as poets say,
 Just when the sun was rising.
 A soldier stood, on a log of wood,
 And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damned his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said, "Some mischief's brewing.

"These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold,
Packed up like pickled herring,
And they're come down, to attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And, scared almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

* * *

From sleep Sir William starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter;

He rubs his eyes, and boldly cries,
"For God's sake, what's the matter?"

At his bedside, he then espied,
Sir Erskine at command, sir,
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And t' other in his hand, sir.

"Arise ! arise," Sir Erskine cries,
"The rebels, — more 's the pity, —
Without a boat, are all afloat,
And ranged before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Packed up in bags or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war ;
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,
All ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomachs stout, to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle ;
Since wars began, I'm sure no man
Ere saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attacked from every quarter;
Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay,
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 't is said, though strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sir.

From morn till night, these men of might
Displayed amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retired to sup their porridge.

An hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true would be too few,
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Against those wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

Francis Hopkinson.

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL.

THE name of "the little black-eyed rebel" was Mary Redmond. She was the daughter of a patriot who lived in Philadelphia at the time it was occupied by the British troops. In that city, and at the above-mentioned time, the incident told in the poem took place.

A BOY drove into the city, his wagon loaded down
With food to feed the people of the British-gov-
erned town ;
And the little black-eyed rebel, so innocent and sly,
Was watching for his coming from the corner of her
eye.

His face looked broad and honest, his hands were brown
and tough,
The clothes he wore upon him were homespun, coarse,
and rough ;
But one there was who watched him, who long time
lingered nigh,
And cast at him sweet glances from the corner of her
eye.

He drove up to the market, he waited in the line ;
His apples and potatoes were fresh and fair and fine ;
But long and long he waited, and no one came to buy,
Save the black-eyed rebel, watching from the corner
of her eye.

"Now who will buy my apples?" he shouted long and
loud ;
And "Who wants my potatoes?" he repeated to the
crowd ;

But from all the people round him came no word of
a reply,
Save the black-eyed rebel, answering from the corner
of her eye.

For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat he
wore that day

Were long letters from the husbands and the fathers
far away,

Who were fighting for the freedom that they meant
to gain or die ;

And a tear like silver glistened in the corner of her eye.

But the treasures, — how to get them ? crept the ques-
tion through her mind,

Since keen enemies were watching for what prizes they
might find :

And she paused awhile and pondered, with a pretty
little sigh ;

Then resolve crept through her features, and a shrewd-
ness fired her eye.

So she resolutely walked up to the wagon old and red ;
“ May I have a dozen apples for a kiss ? ” she sweetly
said :

And the brown face flushed to scarlet ; for the boy was
somewhat shy,

And he saw her laughing at him from the corner of
her eye.

“ You may have them all for nothing, and more, if you
want,” quoth he.

“ I will have them, my good fellow, but can pay for
them,” said she ;

And she clambered on the wagon, minding not who all
were by,
With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner of her
eye.

Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped her fingers
white and small,
And then whispered, "Quick! the letters! thrust them
underneath my shawl!
Carry back again this package, and be sure that you
are spry!"
And she sweetly smiled upon him from the corner of
her eye.

Loud the motley crowd were laughing at the strange,
ungirlish freak,
And the boy was scared and panting, and so dashed
he could not speak;
And "Miss, I have good apples," a bolder lad did cry;
But she answered, "No, I thank you," from the corner
of her eye.

With the news of loved ones absent to the dear friends
they would greet,
Searching them who hungered for them, swift she
glided through the street.
"There is nothing worth the doing that it does not
pay to try,"
Thought the little black-eyed rebel, with a twinkle in
her eye.

Anonymous.

PEWTER PLATTER ALLEY.

FROM Christ-Church graves, across the way,
A dismal, horrid place is found,
Where rushing winds exert their sway,
And Greenland winter chills the ground:
No blossoms there are seen to bloom,
No sun pervades the dreary gloom!

The people of that stormy place
In penance for some ancient crime
Are held in a too narrow space,
Like those beyond the bounds of time,
Who, darkened still, perceive no day,
While seasons waste and moons decay.

Cold as the shade that wraps them round,
This icy region prompts our fear;
And he who treads this frozen ground
Shall curse the chance that brought him here, —
The slippery mass predicts his fate,
A broken arm, a wounded pate.

When August sheds his sultry beam,
May Celia never find this place,
Nor see, upon the clouded stream,
The fading summer in her face;
And may I ne'er discover there
The gray that mingles with my hair.

The watchman sad, whose drowsy call
Proclaims the hour forever fled,

Avoids this path to Pluto's hall;
For who would wish to wake the dead! —
Still let them sleep, — it is no crime, —
They pay no tax to know the time.

No coaches hence, in glittering pride,
Convey their freight to take the air;
No gods nor heroes here reside,
Nor powdered beau, nor lady fair, —
All, all to warmer regions flee,
And leave these glooms to Towne and me.

Philip Freneau.

LAUREL HILL.

In this cemetery are deposited the mortal remains of Joseph C. Neal, over whose last resting-place a beautiful and emblematic monument has been erected to his memory, by friends "who had loved him as a man and admired him as an author."

WITH chastened spirit wandering mid the graves,
I passed an hour afar from worldly sound,
Where earthly care no longer Toil enslaves,
Where silence only, and Death's types, abound.

The soothing stillness of the summer air,
The waving trees that shadowed sculptured stonae,
The unknown names of those who mouldered there,
Subdued my soul like music's solemn tone.

I marked the token that Affection rears
Above the buried dust so loved in life;
Where fragrant flowers, nursed by Sorrow's tears,
Adorn the sod where rests a child or wife;

And paused a moment by a lonely spot,
The unrecorded mound wherein may sleep
Some nameless waif, whose unremembered lot
Found naught to hope and left no friend to weep.

How many minds unconquered by their fate,
How many brains that throbbed with feverish thought,
How many wordless yearnings for the great,
Have found beyond this bourn the goal they sought!

What garnered wisdom, what unwritten lore,
What glowing visions, and what noble worth,
Have shone unvalued, then dropped back once more
Like unset jewels into mines of earth!

Here stately monuments of graceful art
Proclaim the virtues of the flattered dead:
How oft an epitaph exalts a heart
Whose deeds no lustre on its lifetime shed!

Yet here, apart, mid calm, sequestered glade,
A pathway winds, by pilgrim homage worn,
Where generous Love and Friendship's tasteful aid
Have shrined the relics whose repose they mourn.

Rough from the quarry hewn, in shapeless grace
The unpolished block of virgin marble stands,
And forms the massive but unmodelled base
Where chiselled urn admiring praise commands.

Expressive symbol of the mind unwrought,
Till Time to Labor's work perfection brings,

And kindred souls, fulfilling Nature's thought,
Undying laurels carve where ivy clings.

'T was minstrel's truest type, that needs no words,
The stringless lyre leaning on thy grave!
Death early loosed thy spirit's "silver chords,"
And stilled the music that thy being gave.

Yet Hope's proud dreams might ask no more of Fame
Than such a tribute for an honored tomb,
Where tears of grief bedew the cherished name,
And glory spreads her bays of fadeless bloom!

Sallie Bridges.

THE BURIAL-PLACE AT LAUREL HILL.

HERE the lamented dead in dust shall lie,
Life's lingering languors o'er, its labors done,
Where waving boughs, betwixt the earth and sky,
Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.

Here the long concourse from the murmuring town,
With funeral pace and slow, shall enter in,
To lay the loved in tranquil silence down,
No more to suffer, and no more to sin.

And in this hallowed spot, where Nature showers
Her summer smiles from fair and stainless skies,
Affection's hand may strew her dewy flowers,
Whose fragrant incense from the grave shall rise.

And here the impressive stone, engraved with words
Which grief sententious gives to marble pale,

Shall teach the heart ; while waters, leaves, and birds
Make cheerful music in the passing gale.

Say, wherefore should we weep, and wherefore pour
On scented airs the unavailing sigh —
While sun-bright waves are quivering to the shore,
And landscapes blooming — that the loved must die ?

There is an emblem in this peaceful scene ;
Soon rainbow colors on the woods will fall,
And autumn gusts bereave the hills of green,
As sinks the year to meet its cloudy pall.

Then, cold and pale, in distant vistas round,
Disrobed and tuneless, all the woods will stand,
While the chained streams are silent as the ground,
As Death had numbed them with his icy hand.

Yet, when the warm, soft winds shall rise in spring,
Like struggling daybeams o'er a blasted heath,
The bird returned shall poise her golden wing,
And liberal Nature break the spell of Death.

So, when the tomb's dull silence finds an end,
The blessed dead to endless youth shall rise,
And hear the archangel's thrilling summons blend
Its tone with anthems from the upper skies.

There shall the good of earth be found at last,
Where dazzling streams and vernal fields expand ;
Where Love her crown attains, — her trials past, —
And, filled with rapture, hails the "better land" !

Willis Gaylord Clark.

CHALKLEY HALL.

HOW bland and sweet the greeting of this breeze
To him who flies
From crowded street and red wall's weary gleam,
Till far behind him like a hideous dream
The close dark city lies !

Here, while the market murmurs, while men throng
The marble floor
Of Mammon's altar, from the crush and din
Of the world's madness let me gather in
My better thoughts once more.

O, once again revive, while on my ear
The cry of Gain
And low hoarse hum of Traffic die away,
Ye blessed memories of my early day
Like sere grass wet with rain !—

Once more let God's green earth and sunset air
Old feelings waken ;
Through weary years of toil and strife and ill,
Oh, let me feel that my good angel still
Hath not his trust forsaken.

And well do time and place befit my mood :
Beneath the arms
Of this embracing wood, a good man made
His home, like Abraham resting in the shade
Of Mamre's lonely palms.

Here, rich with autumn gifts of countless years,
The virgin soil
Turned from the share he guided, and in rain
And summer sunshine throve the fruits and grain
Which blessed his honest toil.

Here, from his voyages on the stormy seas,
Weary and worn,
He came to meet his children and to bless
The Giver of all good in thankfulness
And praise for his return.

And here his neighbors gathered in to greet
Their friend again,
Safe from the wave and the destroying gales,
Which reap untimely green Bermuda's vales,
And vex the Carib main.

* * *

Oh, far away beneath New England's sky,
Even when a boy,
Following my plough by Merrimac's green shore,
His simple record I have pondered o'er
With deep and quiet joy.

And hence this scene, in sunset glory warm, —
Its woods around,
Its still stream winding on in light and shade,
Its soft green meadows and its upland glade, —
To me is holy ground.

* * *

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE CENTENNIAL, JULY 4, 1876.

HERE stands the Nation's mighty Thought,
With look and attitude sublime;
Both her colossal arms stretched out,
Seeking two equal bounds of time.

One hand rests on the very day
When Freedom struggled from the womb;
The other, groping on its way,
Finds all this multitude a tomb!

The eyes of Thought, first backward cast,
Send fiery pæans from their deep;
But, searching all her country's past,
Some great, immortal tears they weep.

The eyes of Thought now onward tend,
Peopling the far, white mystery
With life that shall from ours descend,
And treasure all our history.

Here stands the Nation's mighty Thought!
A hundred years behind, before,
Her arm and eye have reached, and brought
What make us one forevermore.

This centre of the Keystone State
Locks many nations in its hold,
And all the clashing notes of fate
To harmony has Peace controlled.

Great City of Fraternal Love,
How well the worlds have met in thee;
So, whither all the nations move,
God's Peace-built City let it be!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

Pittsburg, Pa.

PITTSBURG.

HERE lay dark Pittsburg, from whose site there
broke
The manufacturer's black and sparkling smoke,
Where Industry and useful Science reigned,
And man, by labor, all his wants sustained;
There, mid the howling forest dark and drear,
Roved the wild Indian, wilder than the deer,
King of the woods, — who other blessings prized,
And arts and industry alike despised:
Hunting the trade, and war the sport he loved,
Free as the winds, the dauntless chieftain roved,
Taunting, with bitter ire, the pale-faced slave,
Who toils for gold from cradle to the grave.
Extremes of habits, manners, time and space,
Brought close together, here stood face to face,
And gave at once a contrast to the view
That other lands and ages never knew.

James Kibble Paulding.

Pocantico, the River, N. Y.

THE POCANTICO.

WILD waters of Pocantico !
 Stray rivulet of wood and glen !
Thy murmuring laughters, soft and low,
 Elude the alien ears of men.

O'er broader bosoms than thy own
 The fleeting wings of commerce glide ;
Hid in thy sylvan haunts alone
 The nymphs of fairy-land abide.

The azure blue of summer's sky
 Scarce mirrors in thy crystal sheen ;
The lover draws his tenderest sigh
 Far in thy shadowy dells unseen.

Along thy gently coursing stream
 The huntsman, heedless, loves to roam ;
The poet dreams his fondest dream
 Within thy solitary home.

Thou art well guarded by a host,
 For on thy sloping 'bankments stand
Such gnarled sentinels as boast
 A lineage aged as the land.

No hardy woodman dare intrude
 To rob thee of thy ancient shade,

Thy mimic cliffs have long withstood
The furrowing plough and vassal spade.

The wild thrush wings its reedy note
Through thy lone forest, liquid clear,
Whose answering echoes, far remote,
Fling back a dim and plaintive cheer.

No tone enslaved in silvery string
Or sense-enrapturing voice is heard
To match thy melodies, or sing
A challenge to thy minstrel bird.

Here sovereign Nature teaches rest;
The quiet mosses on the stone
Weave o'er its silent, flinty breast
An emerald softness all their own.

The pebbly sands along thy shore
Lie mutely, lulled by babbling waves;
The fringed fern and gentian flower
On thy low margin make their graves:

And through thy valley's dusky shade
In ceaseless murmurings, ages long,
Shall mingle with the flowers that fade
Thy endless infancy of song.

O waters of Pocantico!
Wild rivulet of wood and glen!
May thy glad laughers, sweet and low,
Long, long outlive the sighs of men!

S. H. Thayer.

Racket (Raquette), the River, N. Y.

DOWN THE RACKET.

DOWN the winding woodland river,
Oh, how swift we glide!
Every tree and bush and blossom
Mirrored in the tide;
Bright and blue the heaven above us
As — whose azure eye!
Soft and sweet the wandering breezes
As — whose gentle sigh!
White the cloudlet wreathing o'er us
As her spotless brow!
Oh, what king was e'er so joyous
As we roamers now!
Ho, ho, we merrily go
Down the winding, sparkling flow!
Down so cheerily,
Never wearily,
Ho, ho, we merrily go
Down to the lovely lake below!

Mark the crane wide winnowing from us!
Off the otter swims!
Round her fortress sails the fish-hawk;
Down the wood-duck skims!
Glitters rich the golden lily,
Glow the Indian Plume,

On yon point a deer is drinking,
Back he shrinks in gloom ;
Now the little sparkling rapid !
Now the fairy cove !
Here, the sunlight-mantled meadow !
There, the sprinkled grove !
Ho, ho, we merrily go
Down the winding, glittering flow !
Down so cheerily !
Never wearily !
Ho, ho, we merrily go
Down to the lovely lake below !

Alfred Billings Street.

Red Mill, the River, N. Y.

THE RED MILL FALL.

WITH one bold spring, the little streamlet sinks
Prostrate below, and slumbers still and pure,
Holding its silver mirror to the sun
And open sky. It rushes from its height,
Like some bold warrior to the gladdening fray ;
Then rests like that same warrior in repose,
Smiling at victory won. When summer noon
Makes earth and air all drowsy with its heat,
Delicious is the rumble of the plunge
Sounding its grateful coolness to the ear,
And blending sweetly with the sighing tones

Born where the pine uplifts its dark blue spire,
And with the humming, like a giant bee,
The tall slim mill yields ever through the day.
Noon's columned beams bring likewise out the hues
That shift and quiver upon the headlong sheet;
The emerald and the sapphire of its curve,
The diamond tremble of its glancing drops,
And all the tints that glitter in the threads —
Divided sunshine — of the opal bow
Gleaming and dancing in the snowy foam
Born at its tumbling foot. The afternoon
Steeps it in pleasant shadow, with a ring
Of radiance on the cedar's slender tip
And mill's sharp roof, and moonlight makes the pitch
One slope of silver. A delicious spot!
And lovers wander here in summer hours,
To gaze upon the scene, and, in the soft
And glowing day-dreams given by Hope and Love,
Muse on the things that meet their mingled sight.
In the swift plunging stream the youth beholds
The course of man, — his energy of will,
His rush of action, turbulence of soul;
While sees the maiden in the pool below
The life of woman, — gentle, sweet, and bright,
Receiving to her bosom reckless man,
Yet glassing in her crystal purity
The stars and sunshine of the heaven above her.

Alfred Billings Street.

Rockaway, N. Y.

ROCKAWAY.

ON old Long Island's sea-girt shore,
Many an hour I've whiled away,
In listening to the breakers' roar
That wash the beach at Rockaway.
Transfixed I've stood while Nature's lyre
In one harmonious concert broke,
And catching its Promethean fire,
My inmost soul to rapture woke.

* * *

To hear the startling night-winds sigh,
As dreamy twilight lulls to sleep;
While the pale moon reflects from high
Her image in the mighty deep;
Majestic scene where Nature dwells,
Profound in everlasting love,
While her unmeasured music swells,
The vaulted firmament above.

Henry John Sharpe.*Roslyn, N. Y.*

BRYANT'S BIRTHDAY, 1878.

NOVEMBER lays our very losses bare,
Stripping a shadowy solace with the leaf;
The stark, reft branches sharply cut the air,
Giving a naked poignancy to grief.

Yet, too, this thought with subtle comfort steals,
No secret now between the earth and sky !
All open unto heaven the spirit feels,
While gazing there with unobstructed eye.

A year ago within the poet's home
Unfelt the lateness of the life and year ;
Around him warm remembrance gave its bloom,
While his fresh thought retained its summer cheer.

In this dead birthday how revives the last !
Friends, gifts, and greetings, — then he welcomed all !
Thinking how much his utterance in the past
With deepest faith this absence could forestall,


And count those present who had gone to God,
We offer in our heart the old-time word,
Nor lose the answer for the new-year's sod ;
In some sweet verse of his it still is heard.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

Saranac, the Lakes, N. Y.

THE LOWER SARANAC.

LIGHTLY flies my fleet bark across the glittering
water,
Sweetly talk the ripples before the furrowing prow,
Mellow streams the sunset within the skirting forest,
Mellow melts the west-wind in kisses on my brow.



Oh, this life is glorious, this life within the wildwood !
Far, oh, far away flee the troubles of our lot !
Wide expands the bosom, a boyish heart is dancing,
Dancing with the gladness o'erflowing every spot !

Dreamy like the past stands the distant blue Tahawhus ;
Gleamy like the present old Moosehead rears his crest ;
Filmy like the future in front the bowery island ;
Sparkling like our wishes the water's ripply breast.

Look, a wandering snowflake, the white gull in the
distance !

Indian pink on pinions, the redbird's darting glow !
Upward leaps the trout, and afar the loon is floating,
Dotting dark the sun-gleam, then flashing bright
below.

Turn the buoyant bark through the elm's cathedral arch-
way !

Nestles cool the cove filled with babble of the brook,
Sunny specks, and spice from the lily's pearly scallops ;
So from glare of life hides some sweet domestic nook.

Onward then again, for the sunset now has kindled
Higher his grand camp-fire, and shines our tent before !
Crimson clouds are painting the purpled lake's enamel,
Golden gauzes gleam in the glades along the shore.

Onward, onward, thus do we press upon our journey,
Moved by restless longing, Heaven calling us away ;
Oh, may fading life be illumined like the sunset,
Beaming brighter, brighter, till darkness veils the day !

Alfred Billings Street.

THE UPPER SARANAC.

WILD forest lake, thy waters spread
A mirror for the welkin's bound!
Thy breezes glide with rippling tread;
Thy linking brooks send tinkling sound.

Down to thy wave the fish-hawk swoops;
The wood-duck floats within thy bays;
Its trunks the water-maple groups
Along thy banks of leafy maze.

The gull darts by, a flash of snow;
Deep from thy brink green pictures gleam;
The loon shouts o'er, and shoots below;
The soft haze folds thee in a dream.

The lily lifts its creamy cup
In thy broad shallows, amber clear;
And there the thatch shoots bristling up,
And there steals down the drinking deer.

On thy bright breast each fairy isle
Strews its rock-vase, with foliage brimmed;
And from thee grandly, pile on pile,
Soar the steep crags with thunders rimmed.

In thy smooth glades the camp-fire flames;
The hunter's light boat tracks thy wave;
Thy ooze in caves the muskrat frames;
The otter in thee loves to lave.

Wild forest lake! oh, would my home,
My happy home, were reared by thee!
Thence would my full heart never roam,
From care and trouble ever free.

Alfred Billings Street.

Saratoga, N. Y.

THE FIELD OF THE GROUNDED ARMS.

STRANGERS! your eyes are on that valley fixed
Intently, as we gaze on vacancy,
When the mind's wings o'erspread
The spirit-world of dreams.

True, 't is a scene of loveliness, — the bright
Green dwelling of the summer's first-born Hours,
Whose wakened leaf and bud
Are welcoming the morn.

And morn returns the welcome, sun and cloud
Smile on the green earth from their home in heaven,
Even as a mother smiles
Above her cradled boy,

And wreath their light and shade o'er plain and moun-
tain,
O'er sleepless seas of grass whose waves are flowers,
The river's golden shores,
The forests of dark pines.

The song of the wild bird is on the wind,
The hum of the wild bee, the music wild
 Of waves upon the bank,
 Of leaves upon the bough.

But all is song and beauty in the land,
Beneath her skies of June; then journey on,
 A thousand scenes like this
 Will greet you ere the eve.

Ye linger yet, — ye see not, hear not now,
The sunny smile, the music of to-day,
 Your thoughts are wandering up,
 Far up the stream of time;

And boyhood's lore and fireside-listened tales
Are rushing on your memories, as ye breathe
 That valley's storied name,
 Field of the Grounded Arms.

Strangers no more, a kindred "pride of place,"
Pride in the gift of country and of name,
 Speaks in your eye and step, —
 Ye tread your native land.

And your high thoughts are on her glory's day,
The solemn sabbath of the week of battle,
 Whose tempests bowed to earth
 Her foeman's banner here.

The forest leaves lay scattered cold and dead,
Upon the withered grass that autumn morn,

When, with as withered hearts
And hopes as dead and cold,

A gallant army formed their last array
Upon that field, in silence and deep gloom,
And at their conqueror's feet
Laid their war-weapons down.

Sullen and stern, disarmed but not dishonored:
Brave men, but brave in vain, they yielded there:
The soldier's trial task
Is not alone "to die."

Honor to chivalry! the conqueror's breath
Stains not the ermine of his foeman's fame,
Nor mocks his captive's doom, —
The bitterest cup of war.

* * *

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Saratoga, the Lake, N. Y.

LAKE SARATOGA.

A LADY stands beside the silver lake.
"What," said the Mohawk, "wouldst thou have
me do?"

"Across the water, sir, be pleased to take
Me and my children in thy bark canoe."

"Ah!" said the Chief, "thou knowest not, I think,
The legend of the lake, — hast ever heard

That in its wave the stoutest boat will sink,
If any passenger shall speak a word?"

"Full well we know the Indian's strange belief,"
The lady answered, with a civil smile;
"But take us o'er the water, mighty Chief;
In rigid silence we will sit the while."

Thus they embarked, but ere the little boat
Was half across the lake, the woman gave
Her tongue its wonted play, — but still they float,
And pass in safety o'er the utmost wave!

Safe on the shore, the warrior looked amazed,
Despite the stoic calmness of his race;
No word he spoke, but long the Indian gazed
In moody silence in the woman's face.

"What think you now?" the lady gayly said;
"Safely to land your frail canoe is brought!
No harm, you see, has touched a single head!
So superstition ever comes to naught!"

Smiling, the Mohawk said, "Our safety shows
That God is merciful to old and young;
Thanks unto the Great Spirit! — well he knows
The pale-faced woman cannot hold her tongue!"

John Godfrey Saxe.

Schoharie, N. Y.

THE SABBATH EVENING WALK.

WE sat till evening sank upon the vale
With dewy shadows soft; the mountain-tops
With clear sharp outline gleaming still in light,
And at our feet, meadow, and waving grain,
And orchards clustering round the village roof.
Our seat was in the shadow of a grove
Of fir-trees and tall pines, amid whose boughs,
Heavy with dew, the delicate-fingered wind
Played mournful airs. Anon from out the vale
Came various sounds commingled, pleasing all;
Watch-dog and lowing herd, and children's laugh,
And vesper song of some belated bird.
Once, too, the village bell awoke; a peal
Solemn, yet soothing, deep and silvery tones,
Floating in liquid cadence on the wind,
And mingling with the music of the pines.
And this was once thy home; familiar all
To thy dear eyes these scenes so new to mine.
Yon dewy valley with its Sabbath smile,
Yon fir-clad mountains girding it around,
And yonder village with its single street,
Beheld thy joyous girlhood, and the growth
Of that pure spirit whose sweet ministry
Hath taught my world-worn heart to trust again.
Ah! how mysteriously the threads of life
Are woven. In the sunshine of those days,

No revelation came to tell thy heart
For whom its stores of love were ripening;
Nor mid the shadows that encompassed me
Had even one faint sunbeam pierced! and now,
Hand within hand, and heart on heart reposing,
My sadder nature drawing light from thee,
And tempering the buoyancy of thine,
We stand, and bless together this sweet vale,
And treasure up for memory's dearest page
Our Sabbath evening's walk beneath the pines.

George Washington Greene.

Seneca, the Lake, N. Y.

TO SENECA LAKE.

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
Oh, I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er!

James Gates Percival.

SENECA LAKE.

ONE evening in the pleasant month of May,
On a green hillock swelling from the shore
Above thy emerald wave, when the clear west
Was all one sheet of light, I sat me down,
Wearied, yet happy. I had wandered long,
That bright, fair day; and all the way my path
Was tended by a warm and soothing air,
That breathed like bliss; and round me all the woods
Opened their yellow buds, and every cottage
Was bowered in blossoms, for the orchard trees
Were all in flower. I came, at close of day,
Down to thy brink, and it was pleasure there
To bathe my dripping forehead in thy cool,

Transparent waters. I refreshed me long
With the bright sparkling stream, and from the pebbles,
That bedded all thy margin, singled out
Rare casts of unknown shells, from off thy cliffs
Broken by wintry surges. Thou wert calm,
Even as an infant calm, that gentle evening;
And one could hardly dream thou 'dst ever met
And wrestled with the storm. A breath of air,
Felt only in its coolness, from the west
Stole over thee, and stirred thy golden mirror
Into long waves, that only showed themselves
In ripples on thy shore, — far distant ripples,
Breaking the silence with their quiet kisses,
And softly murmuring peace. Up the green hillock
I mounted languidly, and at the summit
On the new grass reposed, and saw that evening
Fade sweetly over thee.

Far to the south
Thy slumbering waters floated, one long sheet
Of burnished gold, — between thy nearer shores
Softly embraced, and melting distantly
Into a yellow haze, embosomed low
Mid shadowy hills and misty mountains, all
Covered with showery light, as with a veil
Of airy gauze. Beautiful were thy shores,
And manifold their outlines, here up-swelling
In bossy green, — there hung in slaty cliffs,
Black as if hewn from jet, and overtopped
With the dark cedar's tufts, or new-leaved birch,
Bright as the wave below. How glassy clear
The far expanse ! Beneath it all the sky

Swelled downward, and its fleecy clouds were gay
With all their rainbow fringes, and the trees
And cliffs and grassy knolls were all repeated
Along the uncertain shores, — so clearly seen
Beneath the invisible transparency,
That land and water mingled, and the one
Seemed melting in the other. Oh, how soft
Yon mountain's heavenly blue, and all o'erlaid
With a pale tint of roses! Deep between
The ever-narrowing lake, just faintly marked
By its reflected light, and farther on
Buried in vapory foam, as if a surf
Heaved on its utmost shore. How deep the silence!
Only the rustling boughs, the broken ripple,
The cricket and the tree-frog, with the tinkle
Of bells in fold and pasture, or a voice
Heard from a distant farm, or hollow bay
Of home-returning hound, — a virgin land
Just rescued from the wilderness, still showing
Wrecks of the giant forest, yet all bright
With a luxuriant culture, springing wheat,
And meadows richly green, — the blessed gift
Of liberty and law. I gazed upon them,
And on the unchanging lake, and felt awhile
Unutterable joy, — I loved my land
With more than filial love, — it was a joy
That only spake in tears.

With early dawn
I woke, and found the lake was up before me,
For a fresh, stirring breeze came from the south,
And all its deep-green waves were tossed and mingled

Into a war of foam. The new-risen sun
Shone on them, as if they were worlds of stars,
Or gems, or crystals, or some other thing
Sparry and flashing bright. A gentle murmur,
A roar scarce uttered, like a voice of mirth
Amid the dancing waters, blended well
With the æolian whispering of boughs
In a wide grove of pines. The fields and woods
Were sparkling all with dew, and curling smoke
Rose from the cottage fires; — the robin, too,
And the brown thrush, and other birds concealed
Amid the half-blown thickets, joyously
Poured out their morning songs, and thus attended,
I wandered by the shore. Oh, it was pleasant
To feel the dashing of the dewy spray
Rain on my forehead, and to look between
Long crests of foam, into an unknown depth
Of deepest green, and then to see that green
Soft changing into snow. Over this waste
Of rolling surges, on a lofty bank,
With a broad surf beneath it, brightly shone
White roofs and spires, and gilded vanes, and windows,
Each like a flame, — thy peaceful tenements,
Geneva, aptly named; for not the walls
By the blue, arrowy Rhone, nor Leman's lake,
With all its vineyard shores and mouldering castles,
Nor even its shaggy mountains, nor above
Its world of Alpine snows, — these are not more
Than thou, bright Seneca, whether at peace,
As I at evening met thee, or this morning,
Tossed into foam. Thou, too, shalt have thy fame:

Genius shall make thy hills his home, and here
Shall build his airy visions, — bards shall come,
And fondly sing thee, — pilgrims too shall haunt
Thy sacred waters, and in after ages,
Oh, may some votary on the hillock sit,
At evening, by thy shore !

James Gates Percival.

Shelter Island, N. Y.

MY NATIVE ISLE.

MY native isle ! my native isle !
Forever round thy sunny steep
The low waves curl, with sparkling foam,
And solemn murmurs deep ;
While o'er the surging waters blue
The ceaseless breezes throng,
And in the grand old woods awake
An everlasting song.

The sordid strife and petty cares
That crowd the city's street,
The rush, the race, the storm of Life,
Upon thee never meet ;
But quiet and contented hearts
Their daily tasks fulfil,
And meet with simple hope and trust
The coming good or ill.

The spireless church stands, plain and brown,
The winding road beside ;
The green graves rise in silence near,
With moss-grown tablets wide ;
And early on the Sabbath morn,
Along the flowery sod,
Unfettered souls, with humble prayer,
Go up to worship God.

And dearer far than sculptured fane
Is that gray church to me,
For in its shade my mother sleeps,
Beneath the willow-tree ;
And often, when my heart is raised
By sermon and by song,
Her friendly smile appears to me
From the seraphic throng.

The sunset glow, the moonlit stream,
Part of my being are ;
The fairy flowers that bloom and die,
The skies so clear and far :
The stars that circle Night's dark brow,
The winds and waters free,
Each with a lesson all its own,
Are monitors to me.

The systems in their endless march
Eternal truth proclaim ;
The flowers God's love from day to day
In gentlest accents name ;
The skies for burdened hearts and faint
A code of Faith prepare ;

What tempest ever left the Heaven
Without a blue spot there?

My native isle! my native isle!
In sunnier climes I've strayed,
But better love thy pebbled beach
And lonely forest glade,
Where low winds stir with fragrant breath
The purple violet's head,
And the star-grass in the early Spring
Peeps from the sere leaf's bed.

I would no more of strife and tears
Might on thee ever meet,
But when against the tide of years
This heart hath ceased to beat,
Where the green weeping-willows bend
I fain would go to rest,
Where waters chant, and winds may sweep
Above my peaceful breast.

Mary Gardiner Horsford.

Shrewsbury, N. J.

A WRECK IN SHREWSBURY INLET.

THE Liverpool packet-ship North America, wrecked in Shrewsbury Inlet about 1842, remained many years in sight. Some of her timbers were rediscovered in 1875 or 1876.

THE ocean sands are round her keel;
The ocean surge is rolling past;
The sea-bird's wing will whirl and wheel
In circles round her broken mast;

There is no mortal hand to scare
The crow and sea-gull from her deck;
No spirit, but the sailor's prayer,
Keeps watch above the noble wreck.

Is she not desolate? — old ship,
Left to the surges' wild career, —
No more her noble prow to dip
In the wide waters, blue and clear? —
No more to bear the snowy sail
Home from old England's far-off shores;
No more to breast the northern gale,
With strong men on her oaken floors?

Is there no struggle with the storm?
No struggle, that the noble steed
Heaves when, with life-blood still so warm,
He falls in fight, his last to bleed?
Fights not the old ship wind and tide,
As in old days, when tempests came
And the rough waves that swept her side
Shook not her iron strength of frame?

So fights she not? Ah, gallantly!
And slow each plank is rent away
As if each atom scorned to be
The first-won trophy of decay.
The sea-bird on her broken mast,
The frayed rope swinging from her prow,
She waits her doom of wave and blast,
Content to perish, ne'er to bow!

Henry Morford.

Sodus Bay, N. Y.

SODUS BAY.

I BLESS thee, native shore!
Thy woodlands gay, and waters sparkling clear!
'Tis like a dream once more
The music of thy thousand waves to hear,
As, murmuring up the sand,
With kisses bright they lave the sloping land.

The gorgeous sun looks down,
Bathing thee gladly in his noontide ray;
And o'er thy headlands brown
With loving light the tints of evening play.
Thy whispering breezes fear
To break the calm so softly hallowed here.

Here, in her green domain,
The stamp of Nature's sovereignty is found;
With scarce disputed reign
She dwells in all the solitude around.
And here she loves to wear
The regal garb that suits a queen so fair.

Full oft my heart hath yearned
For thy sweet shades and vales of sunny rest;
Even as the swan returned,
Stoops to repose upon thy azure breast,
I greet each welcome spot
Forsaken long, but ne'er, ah, ne'er forgot!

'T was here that memory grew,
'T was here that childhood's hopes and cares were
left;

Its early freshness, too, —
Ere droops the soul, of her best joys bereft.
Where are they? — o'er the track
Of cold years, I would call the wanderers back!

They must be with thee still!
Thou art unchanged, — as bright the sunbeams play:
From not a tree or hill
Hath time one hue of beauty snatched away.
Unchanged alike should be
The blessed things so late resigned to thee.

Give back, O smiling deep,
The heart's fair sunshine, and the dreams of youth
That in thy bosom sleep, —
Life's April innocence, and trustful truth!
The tones that breathed of yore
In thy lone murmurs, once again restore!

Where have they vanished all?
Only the heedless winds in answer sigh;
Still rushing at thy call,
With reckless sweep the streamlet flashes by!
And idle as the air,
Or fleeting stream, my soul's insatiate prayer.

Home, of sweet thoughts, farewell!
Where'er through changeful life my lot may be,

A deep and hallowed spell
Is on thy waters and thy woods for me,
Though vainly fancy craves
Its childhood with the music of thy waves.

Elizabeth Fries Ellet.

Springfield, N. J.

CALDWELL OF SPRINGFIELD.

1780.

HERE's the spot. Look around you. Above on
the height
Lay the Hessians encamped. By that church on the
right
Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a
wall, —
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball.
Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers
blow,
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.

Nothing more, did I say? Stay one moment; you've
heard
Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the Word
Down at Springfield? What, no? Come — that's bad,
why he had
All the Jerseys aflame! And they gave him the name

Of the "rebel high-priest." He stuck in their gorge,
For he loved the Lord God, — and he hated King
George!

He had cause, you might say! When the Hessians
that day
Marched up with Knyphausen they stopped on their
way
At the "Farms," where his wife, with a child in her
arms,
Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew
But God — and that one of the hireling crew
Who fired the shot! Enough! — there she lay,
And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband, away!

Did he bear it, — what way? Think of him as you
stand
By the old church to-day; — think of him and that
band
Of militant ploughboys! See the smoke and the heat
Of that reckless advance, — of that straggling retreat!
Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your
view, —
And what could you, what should you, what would
you do?

Why, just what he did! They were left in the lurch
For the want of more wadding. He ran to the church,
Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in
the road
With his arms full of hymn-books, and threw down
his load

At their feet! then above all the shouting and shots,
Rang his voice, — “Put Watts into ’em, — Boys, give
’em Watts!”

And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers
blow

Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.

You may dig anywhere and you ’ll turn up a ball, —
But not always a hero like this, — and that’s all.

Bret Harte.



Staten Island, N. Y.

AT HOME IN STATEN ISLAND.

MY true-love clasped me by the hand,
And from our garden alley,
Looked o’er the landscape seamed with sea,
And rich with hill and valley,
And said, “We ’ve found a pleasant place
As fair as thine and my land,
A calm abode, a flowery home,
In sunny Staten Island.

“Behind us lies the teeming town
With lust of gold grown frantic;
Before us glitters o’er the bay
The peaceable Atlantic.
We hear the murmur of the sea, —
A monotone of sadness,

But not a whisper of the crowd,
Or echo of its madness.

“See how the dogwood sheds its bloom
Through all the greenwood mazes,
As white as the untrodden snow
That hides in shady places.
See how the fair catalpa spreads
Its azure flowers in masses,
Bell-shaped, as if to woo the wind
To ring them as it passes.

“See, stretching o’er the green hillside,
The haunt of cooing turtle,
The clambering vine, the branching elm,
The maple and the myrtle,
The undergrowth of flowers and fern
In many-tinted lustre,
And parasites that climb or creep,
And droop, and twist, and cluster.

“Behold the gorgeous butterflies
That in the sunshine glitter,
The bluebird, oriole, and wren
That dart and float and twitter;
And humming-birds that peer like bees
In stamen and in pistil,
And, over all, the bright blue sky
Translucent as a crystal.

“The air is balmy, not too warm,
And all the landscape sunny

Seems, like the Hebrew Paradise,
To flow with milk and honey.
Here let us rest, a little while, —
Not rich enough to buy land,
And pass a summer well content
In bowery Staten Island."

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Charles Mackay.

Susquehanna, the River, Pa.

SUSQUEHANNA.

SOFTLY the blended light of evening rests
Upon thee, lovely stream! Thy gentle tide,
Picturing the gorgeous beauty of the sky,
Onward, unbroken by the ruffling wind,
Majestically flows. Oh! by thy side,
Far from the tumults and the throng of men,
And the vain cares that vex poor human life,
'T were happiness to dwell, alone with thee,
And the wide, solemn grandeur of the scene.
From thy green shores, the mountains that enclose
In their vast sweep the beauties of the plain,
Slowly receding, toward the skies ascend,
Enrobed with clustering woods, o'er which the smile
Of Autumn in his loveliness hath passed,
Touching their foliage with his brilliant hues,
And flinging o'er the lowliest leaf and shrub
His golden livery. On the distant heights
Soft clouds, earth-based, repose, and stretch afar

Their burnished summits in the clear, blue heaven,
 Flooded with splendor, that the dazzled eye
 Turns drooping from the sight. — Nature is here
 Like a throned sovereign, and thy voice doth tell,
 In music never silent, of her power.
 Nor are thy tones unanswered, where she builds
 Such monuments of regal sway. These wide,
 Untrodden forests eloquently speak,
 Whether the breath of summer stir their depths,
 Or the hoarse moaning of November's blast
 Strip from their boughs their covering.

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Far beyond this vale,
 That sends to heaven its incense of lone flowers,
 Gay village spires ascend, — and the glad voice
 Of industry is heard. So in the lapse
 Of future years these ancient woods shall bow
 Beneath the levelling axe, — and man's abodes
 Displace their sylvan honors. They will pass
 In turn away; yet, heedless of all change,
 Surviving all, thou still wilt murmur on,
 Lessening the fleeting race that look on thee
 To mark the wrecks of time, and read their doom.

Elizabeth Fries Ellet.

MEETING OF THE SUSQUEHANNA AND THE LACKAWANNA.

RUSH on, glad stream, in thy power and pride,
 To claim the hand of thy promised bride;
 She doth haste from the realm of the darkened mine,
 To mingle her murmured vows with thine;

Ye have met, — ye have met, and the shores prolong
The liquid notes of your nuptial song.

Methinks ye wed, as the white man's son
And the child of the Indian king have done;
I saw thy bride, as she strove in vain,
To cleanse her brow from the carbon stain,
But she brings thee a dowry so rich and true
That thy love must not shrink from the tawny hue.

Her birth was rude, in a mountain cell,
And her infant freaks there are none to tell;
The path of her beauty was wild and free,
And in dell and forest she hid from thee;
But the day of her fond caprice is o'er,
And she seeks to part from thy breast no more.

Pass on in the joy of thy blended tide,
Through the land where the blessed Miquon¹ died;
No red man's blood with its guilty stain
Hath cried unto God from that broad domain, —
With the seeds of peace they have sown the soil,
Bring a harvest of wealth for their hour of toil.

On, on, through the vale where the brave ones sleep,
Where the waving foliage is rich and deep;
I have stood on the mountain and roamed through the
glen
To the beautiful homes of the western men;
Yet naught in that realm of enchantment could see,
So fair as the vale of Wyoming to me.

•Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

¹ A name given by the aborigines to their friend William Penn.

Tappan, N. Y.

ANDRÉ.

THIS is the place where André met that death
Whose infamy was keenest of its throes,
And in this place of bravely yielded breath
His ashes found a fifty years' repose;

And then, at last, a transatlantic grave,
With those who have been kings in blood or fame,
As Honor here some compensation gave
For that once forfeit to a hero's name.

But whether in the Abbey's glory laid,
Or on so fair but fatal Tappan's shore,
Still at his grave have noble hearts betrayed
The loving pity and regret they bore.

In view of all he lost, — his youth, his love,
And possibilities that wait the brave,
Inward and outward bound, dim visions move
Like passing sails upon the Hudson's wave.

The country's Father! how do we revere
His justice, — Brutus-like in its decree, —
With André-sparing mercy, still more dear
Had been his name, — if that, indeed, could be!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

Tarrytown, N. Y.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT TARRYTOWN.

HERE lies the gentle humorist, who died
In the bright Indian Summer of his fame!
A simple stone, with but a date and name,
Marks his secluded resting-place beside
The river that he loved and glorified.
Here in the autumn of his days he came,
But the dry leaves of life were all aflame
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.
How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

BENEATH these gold and azure skies,
The river winds through leafy glades,
Save where, like battlements, arise
The gray and tufted Palisades.

The fervor of this sultry time
Is tempered by the humid earth,

And zephyrs, born of summer's prime,
Give a delicious coolness birth.

They freshen this sequestered nook
With constant greetings bland and free;
The pages of the open book
All flutter with their wayward glee.

As quicker swell their breathings soft,
Cloud shadows skim along the field;
And yonder dangling woodbines oft
Their crimson bugles gently yield.

The tulip-tree majestic stirs,
Far down the water's marge beside,
And now awake the nearer firs,
And toss their ample branches wide.

How blithely trails the pendent vine!
The grain slope lies in green repose;
Through the dark foliage of the pine
And lofty elms, the sunshine glows.

Like sentinels in firm array
The trees-of-life their shafts uprear;
Red cones upon the sumach play,
And ancient locusts whisper near.

From wave and meadow, cliff and sky,
Let thy stray vision homeward fall;
Behold the mist-bloom floating nigh,
And hollyhock white-edged and tall;

Its gaudy leaves, though fanned apart,
Round thick and mealy stamens spring,
And nestled to its crimson heart,
The sated bees enamored cling.

Mark the broad terrace flecked with light,
That peeps through trellises of rose,
And quivers with a vague delight,
As each pale shadow comes and goes.

The near, low gurgle of the brook,
The wren's glad chirp, the scented hay,
And e'en the watch-dog's peaceful look
Our vain disquietudes allay.

* * *

Henry Theodore Tuckerman.

SLEEPY HOLLOW CHURCH AND IRVING'S GRAVE.

TWO centuries have left their hoary trace
Upon yon ancient pile of weathered stone.
Triumphant church! It stands alone!
Militant no more, nor of the present race.
Its elder saints, called to celestial grace,
No longer now their sins bemoan.

No architectural fancy mars its wall,
Nor modern beauty frets its artless mould;
The truth is plain, 't is very old;
And as I enter through its silent hall,
From faded recollection I recall
The names its history has told.

In imaged thought I seem to see once more,
 Around its homely porch and narrow walk,
 The sturdy youth in rustic frock;
And decked in quaintest fashion, as of yore
Are grouped the maidens round the outer door;
 I hear the ancient people talk.

Their uncouth dialect and gestured speech
 Betray the lusty blood of Fatherland.
 A stern and pious little baud,
Their simple parson leads to pray and preach.
They know by heart the lesson he will teach,
 And crave a blessing from his hand.

Alas! the voices which I seem to hear
 Are dreamy echoes of the silent ones;
 I read the churchyard's dingy stones,
The very names sound agéd to the ear,
And half the rude memorials disappear
 Where'er the sere gray lichen runs.

Scarce distant from these ancient graves, I turn
 And trace the In Memoriam, by the dust
 Of one whose pure disdain of lust,
Whose famed yet gentle life no marble urn
Nor bronze recites; but only hedge and fern
 Are wreathed about a nation's trust.

The love a selfish world unselfish bears
 Is better left to memory alone;
 No need of praise on mocking stone
Where every passing eye in wonder stares;

Or, richly blazoned in the city squares,
Forsooth to claim what men disown.

Ah! not the boasting shaft enshrines the man.
Time has no hour in which to knell the fame
Upborne by an immortal claim.
For it a bridge ethereal shall span
The ages; nor the wisest critic's ban,
Nor aught despoil the deathless name.

S. H. Thayer.



Ticonderoga, N. Y.

TICONDEROGA.

THE cold, gray light of the dawning
On old Carillon falls,
And dim in the mist of the morning
Stand the grim old fortress walls.
No sound disturbs the stillness
Save the cataract's mellow roar,
Silent as death is the fortress,
Silent the misty shore.

But up from the wakening waters
Comes the cool, fresh morning breeze,
Lifting the banner of Britain,
And whispering to the trees
Of the swift gliding boats on the waters
That are nearing the fog-shrouded land,

With the old Green Mountain Lion,
And his daring patriot band.

But the sentinel at the postern
Heard not the whisper low ;
He is dreaming of the banks of the Shannon
As he walks on his beat to and fro,
Of the starry eyes in Green Erin
That were dim when he marched away,
And a tear down his bronzed cheek courses,
'Tis the first for many a day.

A sound breaks the misty stillness,
And quickly he glances around ;
Through the mist, forms like towering giants
Seem rising out of the ground ;
A challenge, the firelock flashes,
A sword cleaves the quivering air,
And the sentry lies dead by the postern,
Blood staining his bright yellow hair.

Then with a shout that awakens
All the echoes of hillside and glen,
Through the low, frowning gate of the fortress,
Sword in hand, rush the Green Mountain men.
The scarce wakened troops of the garrison
Yield up their trust pale with fear ;
And down comes the bright British banner,
And out rings a Green Mountain cheer.

Flushed with pride, the whole eastern heavens
With crimson and gold are ablaze ;

And up springs the sun in his splendor
And flings down his arrowy rays,
Bathing in sunlight the fortress,
Turning to gold the grim walls,
While louder and clearer and higher
Rings the song of the waterfalls.

Since the taking of Ticonderoga
A century has rolled away;
But with pride the nation remembers
That glorious morning in May.
And the cataracts' silvery music
Forever the story tells,
Of the capture of old Carillon,
The chime of the silver bells.¹

V. B. Wilson.

Trappe, The, Pa.

THE OLD CHURCH.

IN the heat of a day in September
We came to the old church door,
We bared our heads, I remember,
On the step that the moss covered o'er.
There the vines climbed over and under,
And we trod with a reverent wonder
Through the dust of the years on the floor.

¹ Carillon is the name given to the fortress by the French, meaning
"Chime of Bells."

From the dampness and darkness and stillness
No resonant chantings outrolled,
And the air with its vaporous chillness
Covered altar and column with mould.
For the pulpit had lost its old glory,
And its greatness become but a story,
By the aged still lovingly told.

O'er the graves 'neath the long waving grasses
In summer the winds lightly blow,
And the phantoms come forth from the masses
Of deep tangled ivy that grow.
Through the aisles at midnight they wander, —
At noon of the loft they are fonder, —
Unhindered they come and they go.

And it seemed that a breath of a spirit,
Like a zephyr at cool of the day,
Passed o'er us and then we could hear it
In the loft through the organ-pipes play.
All the aisles and the chancel seemed haunted,
And weird anthems by voices were chanted
Where dismantled the organ's pipes lay.

Came the warrior who robed as a Colonel
Led his men to the fight from the prayer,
And the pastor who tells in his journal
What he saw in the sunlight's bright glare,
How a band of wild troopers danced under
While the organ was pealing its thunder
In gay tunes on the sanctified air.

And Gottlieb, colonial musician,
Once more had come over the seas,
And sweet to the slave and patrician
Were the sounds of his low melodies ;
Once again came the tears, the petition,
Soul-longings and heart-felt contrition
At his mystical touch on the keys.

There joined in the prayers of the yeomen
For the rulers and high in command,
The statesman who prayed that the foemen
Might perish by sea and by land ;
And flowers from herbariums Elysian
Long pressed, yet still sweet, in the vision
Were strewn by a spiritual hand.

There were saints, — there were souls heavy-laden
With the burden of sins unconfessed.
In the shadow there lingered a maiden
With a babe to her bosom close pressed,
And the peace that exceeds understanding
Borne on odors of blossoms expanding
Forever abode in her breast.

Then hushed were the prayers and the chorus
As we gazed through the gloom o'er the pews,
And the phantoms had gone from before us
By invisible dark avenues,
And slowly we passed through the portals
In awe from the haunts of immortals
Who had vanished like summer's light dews.

O church! that of old proudly flourished,
Upon thee decay gently falls,
And the founders by whom thou wert nourished
Lie low in the shade of thy walls;
No stone need those pioneer sages
To tell their good works to the ages:
Thy ruin their greatness recalls.

Anonymous.

Trenton, N. J.

BATTLE OF TRENTON.

ON Christmas-day in seventy-six,
Our ragged troops with bayonets fixed,
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware see! the boats below!
The light obscured by hail and snow!
But no signs of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band,
That dared invade fair freedom's land,
And quarter in that place.
Great Washington he led us on,
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,
Had never known disgrace.

In silent march we passed the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
Though quite benumbed with frost.
Greene, on the left, at six began,
The right was led by Sullivan,
Who ne'er a moment lost.

Their pickets stormed, the alarm was spread,
That rebels risen from the dead
Were marching into town.
Some scampered here, some scampered there,
And some for action did prepare;
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colors, guns, and tents,
Were trophies of the day.
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen
In centre, front, and rear was seen
Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands,
Let's sing deliverance from the hands
Of arbitrary sway.
And as our life is but a span,
Let's touch the tankard while we can,
In memory of that day.

Anonymous.



Trenton Falls, N. Y.

TRENTON FALLS.

POUR down, O Trenton, thy amber screen,
That the pool's dim surface no more be seen!
Gay reveller, tossing away thy wine,
Thy golden sherry, whose hue divine

Was never sphered in the clustering vine,
'Tis Autumn who feeds thee ; her banners she flings
Across thy full sources, and shakes in thy springs
Her whole wealth of colors, leaves orange and red,
Green, purple, and mottled, an emperor's bed
For thy waters to dream on ; and when they awake,
Into flashes of gold and of amber they break :
Oh, type of glad youth, forever be hung
With garlands of faces all rosy and young !

Maria Lowell.

WRITTEN AT TRENTON FALLS.

COME down ! from where the everlasting hills
Open their rocky gates to let thee pass,
Child of a thousand rapid running rills,
And still lakes, where the skies their beauty glass.

With thy dark eyes, white feet, and amber hair,
Of heaven and earth thou fair and fearful daughter,
Through thy wide halls, and down thy echoing stair,
Rejoicing come, — thou lovely “Leaping Water !”

Shout ! till the woods beneath their vaults of green
Resound, and shake their pillars on thy way ;
Fling wide thy glittering fringe of silver sheen,
And toss towards heaven thy clouds of dazzling spray.

The sun looks down upon thee with delight,
And weaves his prism around thee for a belt ;
And as the wind waves thy thin robes of light,
The jewels of thy girdle glow and melt.

Ah! where be they, who first with human eyes
Beheld thy glory, thou triumphant flood!
And through the forest heard with glad surprise
Thy waters calling like the voice of God?

Far towards the setting sun wandering they go,
Poor remnant! left from exile and from slaughter,
But still their memory, mingling with thy flow,
Lives in thy name, — thou lovely “Leaping Water.”

Frances Anne Kemble.



Valley Forge, Pa.

VALLEY FORGE.

O’ER town and cottage, vale and height,
Down came the Winter, fierce and white,
And shuddering wildly, as distraught
At horrors his own hand had wrought.

His child, the young Year, newly born,
Cheerless, cowering, and affrighted,
Wailed with a shivering voice forlorn,
As on a frozen heath benighted.
In vain the hearths were set aglow,
In vain the evening lamps were lighted,
To cheer the dreary realm of snow:
Old Winter’s brow would not be smoothed,
Nor the young Year’s wailing soothed.

How sad the wretch at morn or eve
Compelled his starving home to leave,
Who, plunged breast-deep from drift to drift,
Toils slowly on from rift to rift,
Still hearing in his aching ear
The cry his fancy whispers near,
Of little ones who weep for bread
Within an ill-provided shed !

But wilder, fiercer, sadder still,
Freezing the tear it caused to start,
Was the inevitable chill
Which pierced a nation's agued heart, —
A nation with its naked breast
Against the frozen barriers prest,
Heaving its tedious way and slow
Through shifting gulfs and drifts of woe,
Where every blast that whistled by
Was bitter with its children's cry.

Such was the winter's awful sight
For many a dreary day and night,
What time our country's hope forlorn,
Of every needed comfort shorn,
Lay housed within a hurried tent,
Where every keen blast found a rent,
And oft the snow was seen to sift
Along the floor its piling drift,
Or, mocking the scant blankets' fold,
Across the night-couch frequent rolled ;
Where every path by a soldier beat,
Or every track where a sentinel stood,

Still held the print of naked feet,
And oft the crimson stains of blood;
Where Famine held her spectral court,
And joined by all her fierce allies:
She ever loved a camp or fort
Beleaguered by the wintry skies, —
But chiefly when Disease is by,
To sink the frame and dim the eye,
Until, with seeking forehead bent,
In martial garments cold and damp,
Pale Death patrols from tent to tent,
To count the charnels of the camp.

Such was the winter that prevailed
Within the crowded, frozen gorge;
Such were the horrors that assailed
The patriot band at Valley Forge.

It was a midnight storm of woes
To clear the sky for Freedom's morn;
And such must ever be the throes
The hour when Liberty is born.

The chieftain, by his evening lamp,
Whose flame scarce cheered the hazy damp,
Sat toiling o'er some giant plan,
With maps and charts before him spread,
Beholding in his warrior scan
The paths which through the future led.

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Thomas Buchanan Read.

Watkins Glen, N. Y.

THE WATKINS GLEN AT THE HEAD OF SENECA LAKE.

SWEET music steals with fragrancy of flowers,
The melody of waters, and the breath
Of perfumed June within me ! Memory
Hath startled her tranced empire, and around
A vision spreads. Have we not seen the mist
Mantling the form of Nature ? in its depths
All her fair features mingle, shrub and tree
And flashing waterfall and skyward crag,
In one weird, wavering tumult ; but a glance
Of sunshine cleaves the chaos, and behold
The glorious picture. That dark spectre reared
Aloft hath brightened to a stately pine ·
That shifting gleam to a far cataract ;
And yon black mass to a near grotto curled
In the rock-strata. The gray precipice
Plunges the eye below until it sinks
Into blank gloom ; or rears it till the edge
Of slanting tree and hanging shelf breaks up
The sky-roof into streaks of fretted blue
And dancing spangles ; clearer still the scene,
And now show darkling gorge and ragged rift,
And shelving path and jutting gallery,
And dashing, tumbling foam and showering spray,
Ledges of clutching roots, and sheer, brown rock
With dangling threads of rootlets, hung like fringe,

Where not the clinging foot of moss or fern
Spots its stern, savage wildness.

Hark ! from out

The wizard realm, a loud, tumultuous sound !
Yet tuned into sweet harmony as tunes
Nature her varied voices ! murmurings deep
Of winds in minstrel-pines, so soft, so deep,
They sway the soul as their lithe limbs are swayed,
And rumble soft of far-off waterfalls !
It is thy image in the heart, new-born,
Glen of the Hills ! and lo, before me now
It stands in all its vividness of life !
A path of stars, that path of summer hours,
I passed with thee, the morn of sunny June
When Nature, bright with Spring's fresh miracle
Crowning her forehead, smiled in harmony
Of blue and green and gold ; no cloud to stain,
No woe to mar, all cloudless as the heavens !

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And now the path begins that shall disclose
Thee in thy loveliness and stateliness !
Thy galleries clambering like the clambering goat ;
Thy hanging platforms like great eagle-nests
Seen through the trees ; thy bridges leading o'er
The dizzy chasms ; thy soaring, beetling crags
Frowning like Titans at their solitude
Destroyed ; thy sunken pathways through the rocks ;
Thy shelves, thy ledges, and thy towering pines ;
Thy streaks of sky-roof, and thy parent stream
With its long chain of headlong cataracts,
And pools and windings !

See, in front, the rock
Spouts silver; the first vision of thy stream,
Glen Brook. We mount the clinging gallery,
And lo, Glen Alpha! vestibule sublime
To the vast fane. How like to opening youth
With life before us! Hope in living light
Shines in our front, and objects rise around
Anchored on lofty platforms, row on row,
Until they mingle with the loftiest blue
Of expectation; pleasure's plummy ferns
And mosses blent with flowers of present bliss,
Too frail even for the morrow, charm the eye.
We pause to breathe the clear inspiring air,
And revel in the very consciousness
Of life that brims the heart and fills the veins.
How like the tangle of the plans and pains
And joys and interests our stern manhood shows,
That wild-tossed spot, well named The Labyrinth!
Now let us step behind the diamond curve
Of this swift leap of foam! the glittering roof,
The Cavern Cascade shapes above the mouth
Of this The Grotto. Voices of the plunge
Fill all the ear, and the rapt sight is whelmed
In dropping jewelry, as when Juno sends
Her gentle shower to sparkle in the sun.
What contrast to yon gorge where once the wind
Crushed down great trees and hurled as in wild sport
Fragments of crag, its fierce clutch tore from out
The strata, till its grand and fearful tread,
Gorge of the Whirlwind! made this leafy nook
A savage wreck.

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Now Mystic Gorge, with chalices of rock
Cut by the whirling boulder! list that strain,
Where Sylvan Rapids tune their little lute!
A mingled minstrelsy of purl and dash,
Warble and gurgle, like the braided song
Of robin, wren, and bobolink. A broad
White burst of dazzling day! Thy mighty urn,
O Glen Cathedral! where the soaring rocks
Prop the high heavens as Atlas props his mount.
It seems the chamber of the Glen's great King,
The Genius Loci. Mosses hang the walls
With curtained emerald, and the printless floor
Smooth as yon pool! Above, the broadened roof
Is wrought of God's own brow of beaming blue,
Save where the slanting pine one wrinkle plants.
What maelstrom of whirled boulders fashioned thee,
Cathedral of the rock! what thundering scoop,
What sweeping swing? Thy same slight arm, O rill,
That penetrated softly yon dark cleft,
And parted with its light and gradual touch .
This little pathway, like the touch of Time
That wears the blossom and the mountain down.
Gaze round! what contrast rich of brights and darks,
Close shade and cheery sun, — a fretwork dance
Of breezy leaves, — mosaic of quick tints, —
A dazzling interchange of black and gold.
The sparks of sunshine sprinkled on the leaves
Glitter like stars; upon the sunny grass
Each tree has dropped its shadow as the Turk
At noontide drops his carpet. Edges of light
Lace the thick evergreens and yon slight spray

Of the black-walnut, fringed with oval leaves,
Seems as if melting into fluid gold.
Pool of the Nymphs at moonlight, do you see
The naiads plunge within thy silver balm
And float like glittering pearls, until the scene
Is full of merriest mirth and sweetest song?
Art thou a mirror to the rich red dawn,
And doth the eveing star in thy clear depth
Drop its grand diamond? Thou too, Glen of the Pools!
Thy rocky goblets look as if their draughts
Had oft shone for the Genii of the spot,
Feasting together in the summer heats,
What time the breeze lay lifeless on the leaf
Of even the aspen, and the very thread
Of gossamer drooped downward, and save close
To the unending plunge of falling foam,
Not one soft, downy, airy atom stirred.
Thou ownest, too, the epitome of charms
Of all the Glen in this thy Matchless Scene;
The grace, the grandeur, the wild loveliness,
And stern magnificence of waterfall;
Dark chasm, smooth pool, tall tree, and foamy flash
Of rapids; foliage fresh and green as heart
Of childhood; curls of feathery ferns which gave
To the Greek temple the acanthus leaf,
And mosses plump as formed Titania's floor
At elfin dances. So did Zeuxis blend
In his bright Helen all the varied charms
Of Athens, till the canvas flashed with tints
That live in dawns and sunsets, gems and flowers,
And smile at Time. But hark, that organ-voice,

And see yon cataract bursting into view,
Careering down its threefold terraces!
Toward it, along the ledges of our path
Grazing the cliff, a lace-work of quick drops —
A shivered rill — falls down in diamond gauze
Between us and the scene; the lush green moss
Grows greener here; the fern shows richer curve,
And every grass blade wears more vivid hue.
But now we pause beside the towering rock
Where the rich bastion, crystalline half-moon
Of this, — the Glen's crown-gem, — the Rainbow Fall
Curves from the beetling crag. Behind the sheet!
What delicate balm of coolness, flitting airs,
As from invisible fairy fans! We bathe
In the soft bliss, and, glancing through the veil,
That wondrous opal of the sun and rain,
The first-born of the deluge, bends its bow,
Melting and brightening, dancing, quivering there,
Young as when first it filled the wondering eye
Of Noah, kindled the niched Ark, and crowned
Grand Ararat with diadem of the sun.

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And yet, O Stream, though gentle in thy smile
Of Summer, woe, when Winter bursts his chain
And lets thee loose, with all thy frantic wrath
Upon thee! when the weight of melted snows
Is wreaked on thy full breast, and scourging rains
Have roused thy heart to direst frenzy; lo!
With roar of splintering thunders, thou dost break
Down from thy sources; and with tawny mane,
Wild tossing, and with foamy fangs that tear,

Fierce dost thou hurl thy fearful length along,
Drowning the fairy waterfalls, the pools
Brimming, till even their dimpling whirls are lost
In gushes, stripping from the raw rough banks
The mantling mosses; rolling onward rocks
Like pebbles, and huge trunks of jagged trees
Like straws; and tugging at the tough old roots
Of pines until they shake with awful dread.
On rush thy waters, while the tortured Glen
Roars to thy roar and trembles at thy speed,
Until, with headlong plunge, at last thy surge
Slumbers in quiet in the quiet Lake.

Alfred Billings Street.

Weehawken, N. J.

WEEHAWKEN.

WEEHAWKEN! in thy mountain scenery yet,
All we adore of Nature in her wild
And frolic hour of infancy is met;
And never has a summer's morning smiled
Upon a lovelier scene than the full eye
Of the enthusiast revels on, when high

Amid thy forest solitudes, he climbs
O'er crags that proudly tower above the deep,
And knows that sense of danger which sublimes
The breathless moment, when his daring step

Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
The low dash of the wave with startled ear,

Like the death-music of his coming doom,

And clings to the green turf with desperate force,
As the heart clings to life; and when resume

The currents in his veins their wonted course,
There lingers a deep feeling, like the moan
Of wearied ocean when the storm is gone.

In such an hour he turns, and on his view

Ocean and earth and heaven burst before him.
Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue

Of Summer's sky, in beauty bending o'er him, —
The city bright below; and far away,
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay.

Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,

And banners floating in the sunny air;
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,

Green isle and circling shore, are blended there,
In wild reality. When life is old,
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold

Its memory of this; nor lives there one

Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood's days
Of happiness were passed beneath that sun,

That in his manhood's prime can calmly gaze
Upon that bay or on that mountain stand,
Nor feel the prouder of his native land.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

WEEHAWKEN.

EVE o'er our path is stealing fast;
Yon quivering splendors are the last
The sun will fling, to tremble o'er
The waves that kiss the opposing shore;
His latest glories fringe the height
Behind us, with their golden light.

The mountain's mirrored outline fades
Amid the fast-extending shades;
Its shaggy bulk, in sterner pride,
Towers, as the gloom steals o'er the tide;
For the great stream a bulwark meet
That leaves its rock-encumbered feet.

River and mountain! though to song
Not yet, perchance, your names belong;
Those who have loved your evening hues
Will ask not the recording Muse
What antique tales she can relate,
Your banks and steeps to consecrate.

Yet, should the stranger ask what lore
Of bygone days this winding shore,
Yon cliffs and fir-clad steeps, could tell,
If vocal made by Fancy's spell, —
The varying legend might rehearse
Fit themes for high, romantic verse.

O'er yon rough heights and moss-clad sod
Oft hath the stalworth warrior trod;
Or peered, with hunter's gaze, to mark
The progress of the glancing bark.
Spoils, strangely won on distant waves,
Have lurked in yon obstructed caves.

When the great strife for Freedom rose,
Here scouted oft her friends and foes
Alternate, through the changeful war,
And beacon-fires flashed bright and far;
And here, when Freedom's strife was won,
Fell, in sad feud, her favored son, —

Her son, the second of the band,
The Romans of the rescued land.
Where round you capes the banks ascend,
Long shall the pilgrim's footsteps bend;
There mirthful hearts shall pause to sigh,
There tears shall dim the patriot's eye.

There last he stood. Before his sight
Flowed the fair river, free and bright;
The rising mart, and isles, and bay,
Before him in their glory lay, —
Scenes of his love and of his fame, —
The instant ere the death-shot came.

Robert Charles Sands.

West Point, N. Y.

WEST POINT.

WILD umbrage far around me clings
To breezy knoll and hushed ravine,
And o'er each rocky headland flings
Its mantle of refreshing green.

The echoes that so boldly rung
When cannon flashed from steep to steep,
And Freedom's airy challenge flung,
In each romantic valley sleep.

His counsels here our chieftain breathed,
Here roved his mild, undaunted eye,
When you lone fort, with thickets wreathed,
Held captive Britain's gallant spy.

Fit home to rear a nation's youth
By self-control to nerve the will,
Through knowledge gain expansive truth,
And with high aims life's circle fill.

How grateful is the sudden change
From arid pavements to the grass,
From narrow streets that thousands range,
To meadows where June's zephyrs pass!

Beneath the cliffs the river steals
In darksome eddies to the shore,

But midway every sail reveals
Reflected on its crystal floor.

In tranquil mood the cattle walk
Along the verdant marge to feed,
While poised upon the mullein stalk
The chirping redbird picks the seed.

Low murmurs in the foliage bred,
The clear horizon's azure line,
Fresh turf elastic to the tread,
And leafy canopies are thine.

White fleecy clouds move slowly by,
How cool their shadows fall to-day !
A moment on the hills they lie,
And then like spirits glide away.

Amid the herbage, yesternight,
His web the cunning spider threw,
And now, as sparkling diamonds bright,
It glistens with the pendent dew.

Gay butterflies dart on and sink
O'er the sweet blossoms of the pea,
And from the clover's globe of pink
Contented hums the downy bee.

In all this varied beauty glows
Deep meaning for the thoughtful heart,
As it were fain to teach repose,
And lofty confidence impart.

How vivid to my fancy now,
Uprise the forms that life redeem!
The ardent eye, the open brow,
And tender smile beside me seem.

For Nature's presence gathers back
The deeds that grace, the loves that cheer,
And as her holy steps we track,
Hope's rainbow breaks through sorrow's tear.

Henry Theodore Tuckerman.

THE GRAVEYARD AT WEST POINT.

ON this sweet Sabbath morning, let us wander
From the loud music and the gay parade,
Where sleeps the graveyard, in its silence, yonder,
Deep in the mountain shade.

There, side by side, the dark green cedars cluster,
Like sentries watching by that camp of Death;
There, like an army's tents, with snow-white lustre,
The gravestones gleam beneath.

But, as we go, no posted guard or picket
Stays our approach across the level grass,
Nor hostile challenge at the simple wicket
Through which our footsteps pass.

Sweet spot, by Nature's primal consecration,
Sacred to peace and thought and calm repose,
Well in thy breast that elder generation
Their place of burial chose.

And well, to-day, whene'er the sad procession
Moves o'er the plain, with slow and measured tread,
Within thy silent and secure possession
The living leave the dead.

Few are the graves, for here no populous city
Feeds, with its myriad lives, the hungry Fates,
While hourly funerals, led by grief or pity,
Crowd through the open gates.

Here Death is rarer, yet full many a token
Tells of his presence, on these grassy slopes, —
The slab, the stone, the shaft, half reared and broken,
Symbol of shattered hopes.

Here sleep brave men who, in the deadly quarrel,
Fought for their country, and their life-blood poured,
Above whose dust she carves the deathless laurel
Wreathing the victor's sword.

And here the young cadet, in manly beauty,
Borne from the tents which skirt those rocky banks,
Called from life's daily drill and perilous duty
To these unbroken ranks.

Here too the aged man, the wife, the maiden,
Together hushed, as on His faithful breast,
Who cried, "Come hither, all ye heavy-laden,
And I will give you rest!"

And little gravestones through the grass are gleaming,
Sown, like the lilies, over forms as fair,

Of whom, to-day, what broken hearts are dreaming,
Through Sabbath song and prayer.

Peace to the sleepers ! may the bud and blossom,
Spring's early bloom and Summer's sweet increase,
Fail not, while Nature, on her tender bosom,
Folds them and whispers, Peace !

And here at last who could not rest contented ?
Beneath, — the river, with its tranquil flood ;
Around, — the breezes of the morning, scented
With odors from the wood ;

Above, — the eternal hills, their shadows blending
With morn and noon and twilight's deepening pall ;
And overhead, — the infinite heavens, attending
Until the end of all !

William Allen Butler.

White Lake, N. Y.

WHITE LAKE.

PURE as their parent springs ! how bright
The silvery waters stretch away,
Reposing in the pleasant light
Of June's most lovely day.

Curving around the eastern side,
Rich meadows slope their banks, to meet,
With fringe of grass and fern, the tide
Which sparkles at their feet.

Here, busy life attests that toil,
With its quick talisman, has made
Fields green and waving, from a soil
Of rude and savage shade.

While opposite, the forest lies
In giant shadow, black and deep,
Filling with leaves the circling sky,
And frowning in its sleep.

Amid this scene of light and gloom,
Nature with art links hand in hand,
Thick woods beside soft rural bloom,
As by a seer's command.

Here, waves the grain; here, curls the smoke;
The orchard bends: there, wilds as dark
As when the hermit waters woke
Beneath the Indian's bark.

Oft will the panther's startling shriek
With the herd's quiet lowings swell,
The wolf's fierce howl terrific break
Upon the sheepfold's bell.

The ploughman sees the wind-winged deer
Dart from his covert to the wave,
And fearless in its mirror clear
His branching antlers lave.

Here, the green headlands seem to meet
So near, a fairy bridge might cross;

There, spreads the broad and limpid sheet
In smooth, unruffled gloss.

Arched by the thicket's screening leaves,
A lilled harbor lurks below,
Where on the sand each ripple weaves
Its melting wreath of snow.

Hark ! like an organ's tones, the woods
To the light wind in murmurs wake,
The voice of the vast solitudes
Is speaking to the lake.

The fanning air-breath sweeps across
On its broad path of sparkles now,
Bends down the violet to the moss,
Then melts upon my brow.

Alfred Billings Street.



Willewemoc, the River, N. Y.

THE WILLEWEMOC IN SUMMER.

BUBBLING within some basin green
So fringed with fern, the woodcock's bill
Scarce penetrates the leafy screen,
Leaps into life the infant rill.
Oozing along, a winding streak,
O'er moss and grass, it whispers meek,
Then swelling o'er some barrier root

The tiny ripples onward shoot,
Then the clear sparkling waters spread
And deepen down their sloping bed,
Until, a streamlet bright and strong,
The Willewemoc glides along
Through its wild forest depths, to bear
Its homage to the Delaware.

Now pebbly shallows, where the deer
Just bathes his crossing hoof, and now
Broad hollowed creeks, that, deep and clear,
Would whelm him to his antlered brow.
Here, the smooth silver sleeps so still,
The ear might catch the faintest trill;
The bee's low hum, the whirl of wings,
And the sweet songs of grass-hid things.
There, dashing by, in booming shocks,
So loud their wrath the waters wreak,
Mid floating trees and scattered rocks,
They drown the fierce gray eagle's shriek.
Here, the slight cowslip from the moss
In ripples breaks the amber gloss;
There, the whirled spray-showers upward fly
To the slant firs crag-rooted high.

Blue sky, pearl cloud, and golden beam
Beguile my steps this summer day,
Beside the lone and lovely stream,
And through its sylvan scenes to stray:
The moss, too delicate and soft
To bear the tripping bird aloft,

Slopes its green velvet to the sedge,
Tufting the mirrored water's edge,
Where the slow eddies wrinkling creep
Mid swaying grass in stillness deep :
The sweet wind scarce has breath to turn
 The edges of the leaves, or stir
 The fragile wreath of gossamer
Embroidered on yon clump of fern.
The stream incessant greets my ear
 In hollow dashings, full round tones,
Purling through alder branches here,
 There gurgling o'er the tinkling stones ;
The rumble of the waterfall
Majestic sounding over all.
Before me spreads the sheltered pool,
Pictured with tree-shapes black and cool ;
Here, the roofed water seems to be
A solid mass of ebony ;
There, the broad surface glances bright
In dazzling gleams of spangled light ;
Now the quick darting waterfly
Ploughs its light furrow, skimming by,
While circling o'er in mazy rings
The chirping swallow dips his wings ;
Relieved against yon sunny glare
The gnat-swarms, dust-like, speck the air ;
From yon deep cove where lily-gems
Are floating by their silken stems,
Out glides the dipping duck, to seek
The narrow windings of the creek,
The glitterings of his purple back

Disclosing far his sinuous track;
Now, sliding down yon grassy brink,
I see the otter plunge and sink,
Yon bubbling streak betrays his rise,
And through the furrowing sheet he plies.

The aspen shakes, the hemlock hums,
Damp with the shower the west-wind comes;
Rustling in heaps the quivering grass,
It darkening dots the streamlet's glass,
And rises with the herald-breeze
The cloud's dark umber o'er the trees;
A veil of gauze-like mist it flings,
Dimples the stream with transient rings,
And soon beneath this tent-like tree
The swift, bright glancing streaks I see,
And hear around in murmuring strain
The gentle music of the rain.
Then bursts the sunshine warm and gay,
The misty curtain melts away,
The cloud in fragments breaks, and through
Trembles in spots the smiling blue;
A fresh, damp sweetness fills the scene,
From dripping leaf and moistened earth,
The odor of the wintergreen
Floats on the airs that now have birth;
Dashes and air-bells all about
Proclaim the gambols of the trout,
And calling bush and answering tree
Echo with woodland melody.
Now the piled west in pomp displays

The radiant forms that sunset weaves ;
And slanting lines of golden haze
Are streaming through the sparkling leaves.
A clear, sweet, joyous strain is heard, —
It is the minstrel mocking-bird.
The strain of every songster floats
Within his rich and splendid notes ;
The bluebird's warble, brief and shrill ;
The wailing of the whippoorwill ;
The robin's call, the jay's harsh screech,
His own sweet music heard through each.
His three-toned anthem now he sings,
Liquid and low and soft it rings ;
Then rising with a swell more clear,
It melts upon the bending ear,
Till with a piercing, flourished flight,
He bids the darkening scene good night.

Alfred Billings Street.

Wilmington, Del.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

FOUNDED BY ALEXIS I. DU PONT.

NEVER of dust beneath did sculptured tomb
So eloquently speak as this gray spire
Of thee, O laborer without hire, whose day
Closed with the noon, thy Master calling thee
Straight from the field before thy work was done

To rest with him above. Before thy work
Was done? We dare not say of thee, whose life
Was filled to overflowing with good deeds
Who crowded labors in the noontide hour
So vast as this, that aught was left undone.
No. Blessed be He who set thee to thy task,
And when the hours of servitude were o'er
Redeemed the promise of our Christ, and called
Thee home to glories of thy heritage.

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Anonymous.

Wyalusing, the Lake, Pa.

LAKE WYALUSING.

JOY like a wave o'erflowed my soul,
While looking on its basin round,
That fancy named a sparkling bowl
By hoop of fadeless emerald bound,
From which boon Nature's holy hand
Baptized the nymphs of mountain land.

It blushes in the morning's glow,
And glitters in the sunset ray,
When brooks that run far, far below
Have murmured out farewell to day;
The moonlight on its placid breast,
When dark the valley, loves to rest.

Wheeling in circles overhead,
The feathered king a war-scream gave;
His form, with pinion wide outspread,
Was traced so clearly on the wave,
That seemingly its glass was stirred
By flappings of the gallant bird.

Not far away were rocky shelves
With the soft moss of ages lined,
And seated there a row of elves
By moonlight would the poet find:
Fairies, from slumber in the shade
Waking with soft-voiced serenade.

The waters slept, by wind uncurled,
Encircled by a zone of green:
The reflex of some purer world
Within their radiant blue was seen,—
I felt, while musing on the shore,
As if strong wings my soul upbore.

Lake, flashing in the mountain's crown!
Thought pictures thee some diamond bright,—
That dawn had welcomed,—fallen down
From the starred canopy of night;
Or chrysolite, by thunder rent
From Heaven's eternal battlement.

William Henry Cuyler Hosmer.

Wyoming, Pa.

WYOMING.

ON Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!
Although the wild-flower, on thy ruined wall
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall,
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore.

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies
The happy shepherd swains had naught to do,
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim, perchance, thy lake with light canoe,
From morn, till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
The lovely maidens would the dance renew;
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town.

Then, where on Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes,
And playful squirrel on his nut-crown tree:
And every sound of life was from
From merry mock-bird's song,

While hearkening, fearing naught their revelry,
The wild deer arched his neck from glades, and then
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard but in transatlantic story sung,
For here the exile met from every clime,
And spoke in friendship every distant tongue:
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
Were but divided by the running brook;
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet rung,
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-
hook.

Thomas Campbell.

WYOMING.

THOU com'st, in beauty, on my gaze at last,
"On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!"
Image of many a dream, in hours long past,
When life was in its bud and blossoming.
And waters, gushing from the fountain spring
Of pure enthusiast thought, dimmed my young eyes,
As by the poet borne, on unseen wing,
I breathed, in fancy, 'neath thy cloudless skies,
The summer's air, and heard her echoed harmonies.

I then but dreamed: thou art before me now,
In life, a vision of the brain no more.
I've stood upon the wooded mountain's brow,

That beetles high thy lovely valley o'er;
And now, where winds thy river's greenest shore,
Within a bower of sycamores am laid;
And winds, as soft and sweet as ever bore
The fragrance of wild-flowers through sun and shade,
Are singing in the trees, whose low boughs press my
head.

Nature hath made thee lovelier than the power
Even of Campbell's pen hath pictured: he
Had woven, had he gazed one sunny hour
Upon thy smiling vale, its scenery
With more of truth, and made each rock and tree
Known like old friends, and greeted from afar:
And there are tales of sad reality,
In the dark legends of thy border war,
With woes of deeper tint than his own Gertrude's are.

But where are they, the beings of the mind,
The bard's creations, moulded not of clay,
Hearts to strange bliss and suffering assigned, —
Young Gertrude, Albert, Waldegrave, — where are
they?

We need not ask. The people of to-day
Appear good, honest, quiet men enough,
And hospitable too, — for ready pay;
With manners like their roads, a little rough,
And hands whose grasp is warm and welcoming, though
tough.

* * *

There is a woman, widowed, gray, and old,
Who tells you where the foot of Battle stepped

Upon their day of massacre. She told
Its tale, and pointed to the spot, and wept,
Whereon her father and five brothers slept
Shrondless, the bright-dreamed slumbers of the brave,
When all the land a funeral mourning kept.
And there wild laurels, planted on the grave
By Nature's hand, in air their pale red blossoms wave.

And on the margin of yon orchard hill
Are marks where timeworn battlements have been,
And in the tall grass traces linger still
Of "arrowy frieze and wedged ravelin."
Five hundred of her brave that valley green
'Trod on the morn in soldier-spirit gay;
But twenty lived to tell the noonday scene, —
And where are now the twenty? Passed away.
Has Death no triumph-hours, save on the battle-day?
Fitz-Greene Halleck.

THE END.

